

LIFE
OF
BARTON
BOOTH

1733







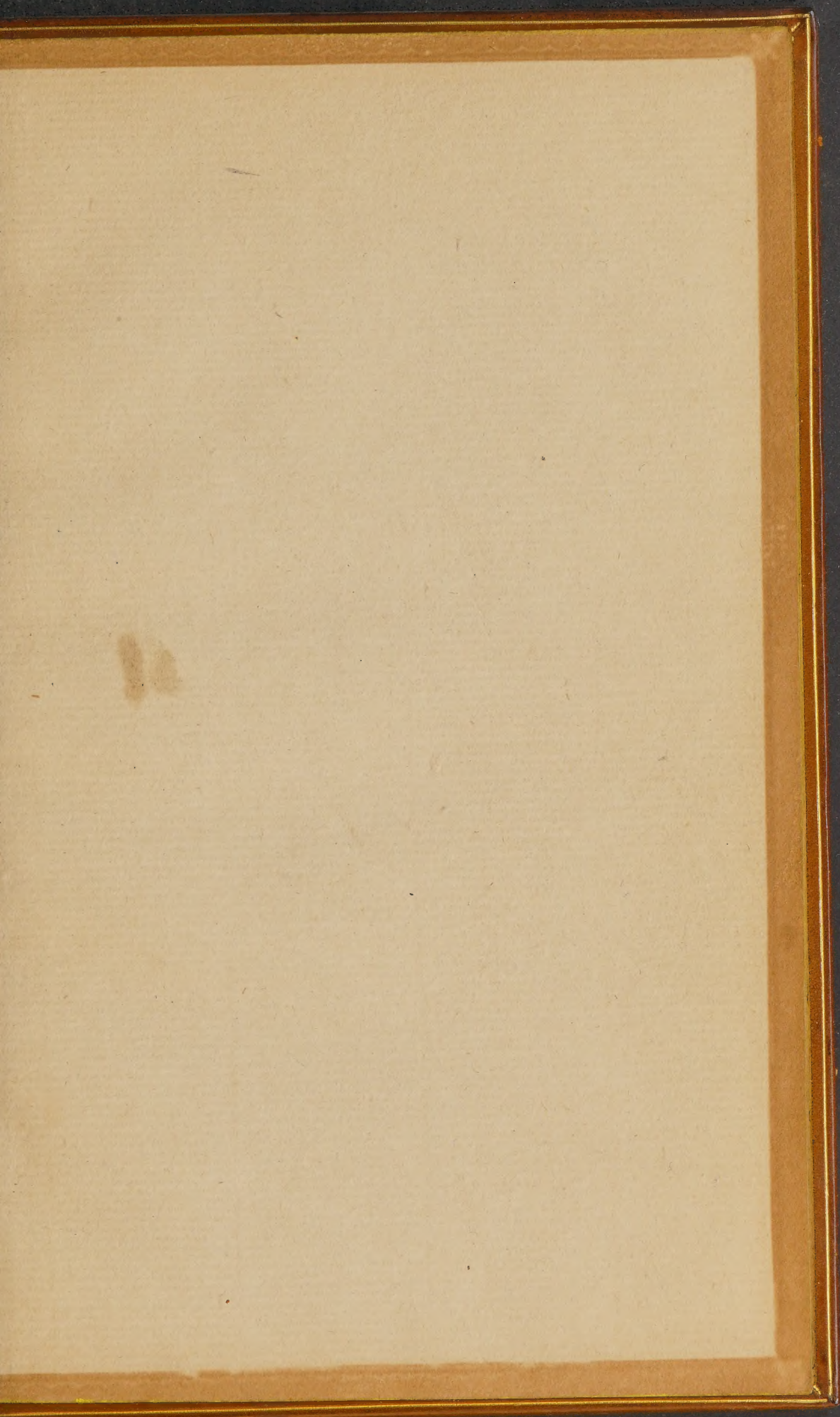
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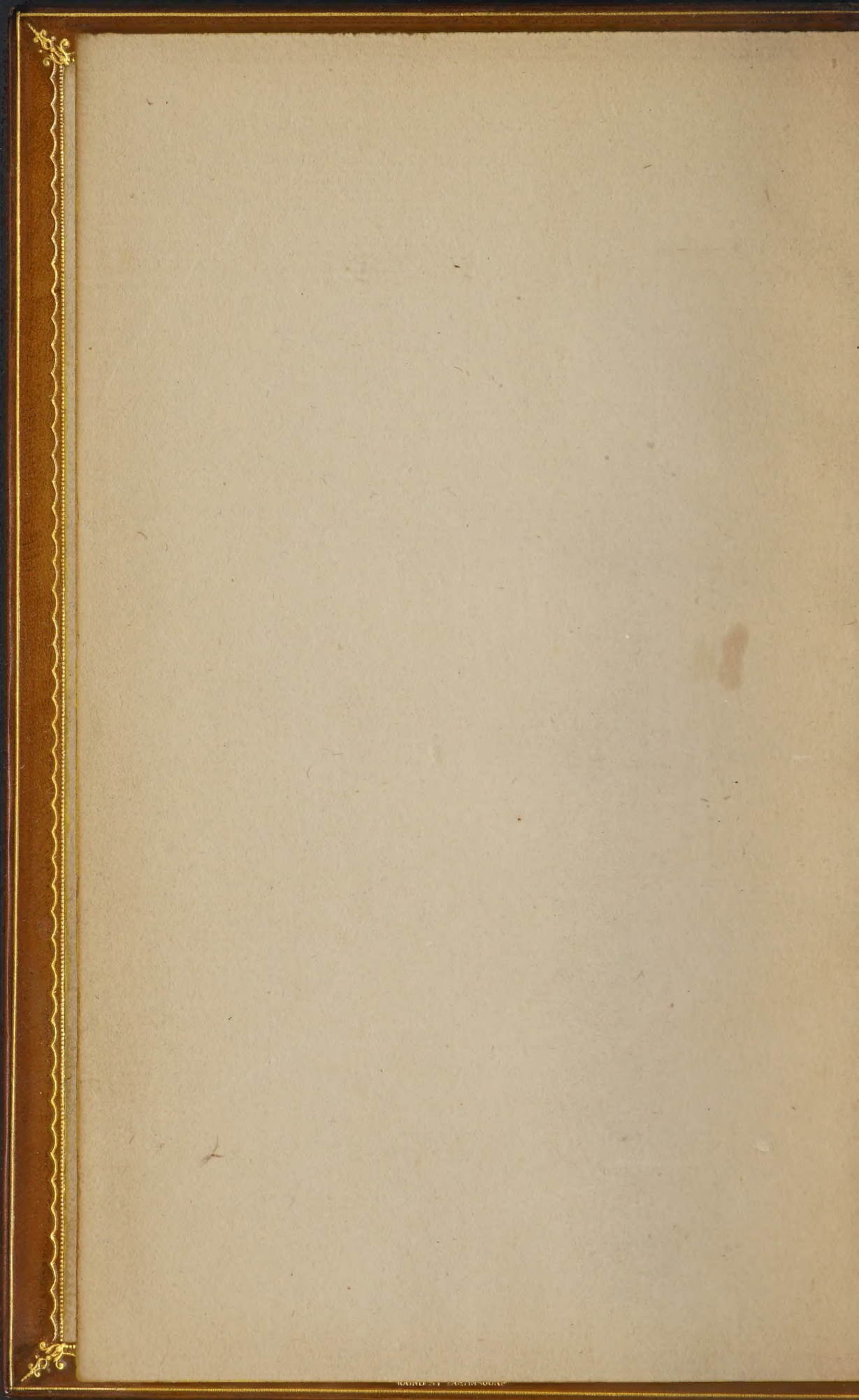
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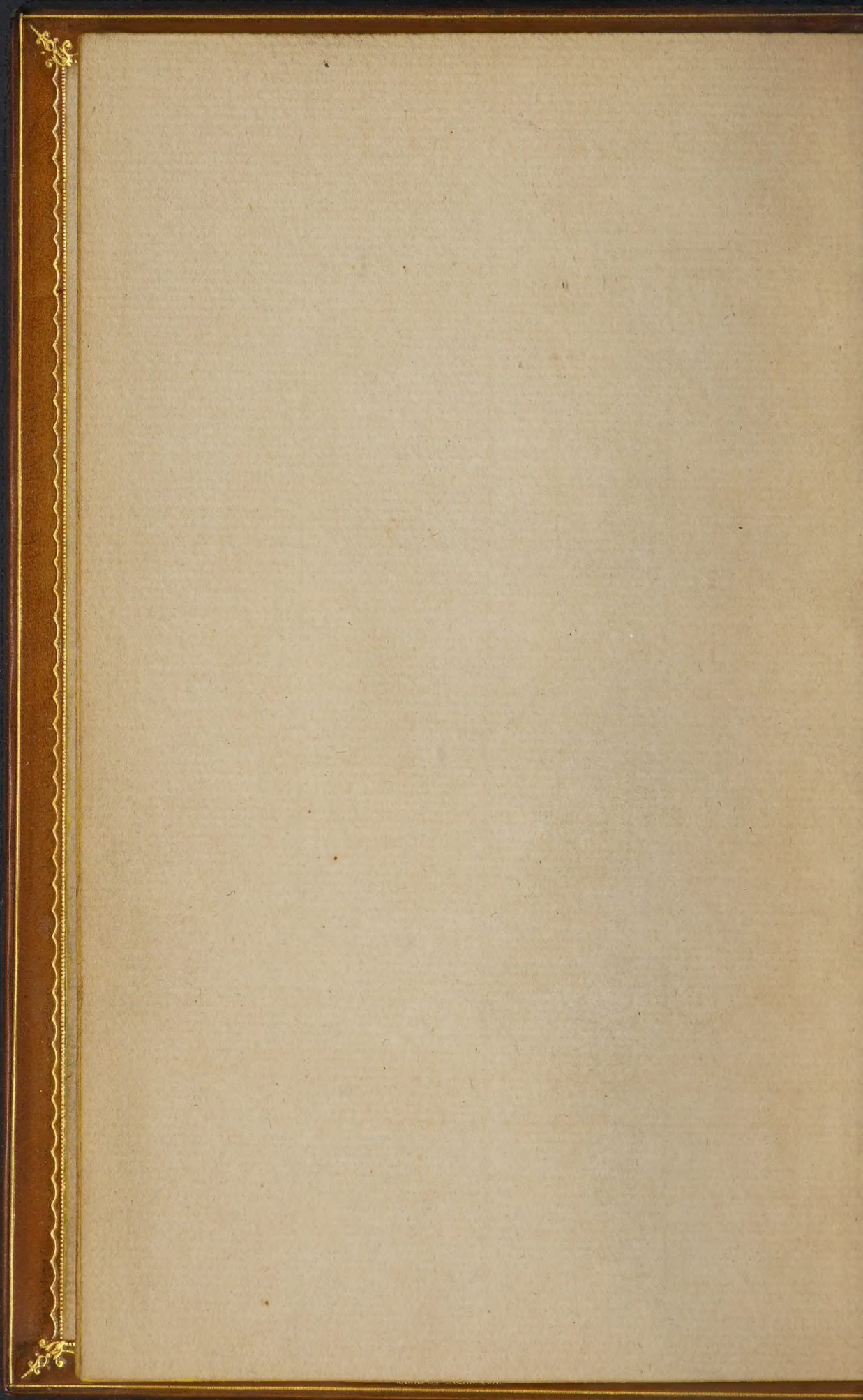
1733

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Memoirs of the LIFE
O F
BARTON BOOTH, Esq;
With his CHARACTER.

To which are added
Several POETICAL PIECES,
Written by Himself, viz.
TRANSLATIONS from Horace,
SONGS, ODES, &c.

To which is likewise annex'd,
The CASE of Mr. BOOTH's last Illness,
and what was observ'd (particularly with regard
to the Quick-Silver found in his Intestines)
upon Opening of his Body, in the Presence of
Sir Hans Sloan, by Mr. Alexander Small, Surgeon.

Publish'd by an Intimate Acquaintance of
Mr. B O O T H,
By Consent of his W I D O W.

— — — — — *Quæ doctus Roscius egit:* Hor.

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T H E

LIFE *and* CHARACTER

O F

BARTON BOOTH, Esq;



BARTON BOOTH, the late Excellent Tragedian, was born in the Year 1681, and was Son to *John Booth*, Esq; nearly related to *Booth* Earl of *Warrington*, an antient Family, and long seated in the County of *Lancaster*; and tho' Mr. *Booth*'s Father was of an elder Branch, yet, either by Misfortune or Mismanagement, his Estate was so much impair'd, that he was oblig'd to quit his rural Life, the better to provide for himself and Children. About

A 2

the

The Life and Character of

the Year 1684, he brought his Family to *London*, and took a House in *Westminster*, where he liv'd with Decency and Credit, and by his Interest soon got Employments for his two eldest Sons.

Mr. *Barton Booth* being the youngest, was put to *Westminster-School*, in the ninth Year of his Age, under the Care of Dr. *Busby*, who, at first, excepted against him, as being too young; but finding him a Boy of a forward Genius, he was not only admitted, but soon became a Favourite. Mr. *Maittaire*, a Gentleman now living, was at that time an Usher in the School, and remembers Mr. *Booth* in the Fourth Form, in the Year 1693: This Gentleman says, He was a good Scholar, and well acquainted with the Classics, particularly with his belov'd *Horace*; and that he had then a very great Affection for Poetry, and delighted in repeating Parts of Plays and Poems; in all which he discover'd a very promising Genius for the Stage. But Mr. *Booth's* first Encouragement in Acting came from his Master, that celebrated Speaker, Dr. *Busby*, at the Rehearsals of a *Latin* Play, acted at that School, in which he perform'd with general Applause.

The following Lines are Part of a Prologue spoke within these Seven Years at *Westminster-School*, which will evidently discover their high Esteem for Mr. *Booth*, as an Actor and Schoolfellow.

Your

BARTON BOOTH, *Esq*;

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*Your Antique Actors, as we read,
No more than Anticks were indeed:
With wide-mouth'd Masks their Babes to fright,
They kept the Countenance from Sight.
Now Faces on the Stage are shown;
Nor speak they with their Tongues alone,
But in each Look a Force there lies,
That speaks the Passion to the Eyes.
Say then, which best deserves our Praise,
The Vizard, or the Human Face?
Old Roscius to our BOOTH must bow,
'Twas then but Art, 'tis Nature now.*

But to return: Dr. Busby dying in the Year 1695, was succeeded by Dr. Knipe, who took the same Notice of Mr. Booth as his Predecessor had done, and distinguish'd him for the same remarkable Qualities.

Mr. Booth was at that time design'd for the University, and the Study of Divinity; but as he had receiv'd such early Praises of his blooming Qualifications for an Actor, and that from Persons of such Importance, 'tis not to be wonder'd at, that his Inclination led him to the Stage.

To pursue that Inclination, and to prevent his Father's Design of devoting him to the Service of the Church, he left *Westminster-School* at Seventeen Years of Age, without the Knowledge of his Friends, and went to
Ireland

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Ireland to make his Application to the Theatre at *Dublin*, where he was well receiv'd by Mr. *Ashbury*, who was then Master of the Company: There he first met with his Contemporary, the late Mr. *Wilks*, who was then a celebrated Actor on that Stage.

He remain'd there Two Years, and acquir'd the Reputation of a very good Player; but being, on many Accounts, dissatisfied with his Situation, he return'd to *England* in the Year 1701, and apply'd himself to the Lord *Fitzharding*, a Lord of the Bedchamber to the Prince of *Denmark*, who recommended him to Mr. *Betterton* as a very promising Genius.

Mr. *Booth* gain'd the good Opinion of that great Master of the Theatre, at their first meeting; not only by his Manner of Speaking, but by that good Sense with which he acknowledg'd his Errors, and his Desire to be instructed. The Part of *Maximus* in *Valentinian*, was chose for his first Appearance: Mr. *Verbruggen* play'd the Part of *Valentinian*; Mr. *Betterton*, *Etius*; Mrs. *Barry*, *Lucina*; &c. There never was such general Applause express'd by an Audience, as what was given to Mr. *Booth* on that Occasion: The Parts beforemention'd were admirably perform'd, but that was what the Audience expected; the Surprise was, to see a young Man, graceful of Person, performing his Part with a Judgment equal

BARTON BOOTH, *Esq*;

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equal to that of the oldest Actors, and speaking with a Harmony peculiar to himself.

Soon after, Mr. *Rowe* brought his first Play to the House, call'd, *The Ambitious Stepmother*; and gave the Part of *Artaban*, a principal Character, to his Friend and School-fellow Mr. *Booth*, by which he gain'd an universal Reputation.

In the Year 1704, he married Mrs. *Frances Barkham*, Second Daughter to Sir *William Barkham*, Bart. of *Norfolk*, who died in 1710, without Issue.

About two Years after, Mr. *Addison's* Tragedy was brought to the House, and the Part of *Cato* given to Mr. *Booth* by two of his Masters, who were Acting Managers. Could they have foreseen the uncommon Success of that Play, and the Consequence that attended Mr. *Booth's* large Share in it, I believe their Interest, as well as their jealous Love of Fame, would have prevented the Gift. This Play was acted five and twenty Nights successively. The Part of *Cato* greatly augmented Mr. *Booth's* Interest, with his Reputation, and procur'd him the particular Favour and Service of the Lord *Bullingbroke*, then Secretary of State, who, within a Year after, as a Reward for so much singular Merit, got him added to the Number of the Managers, by procuring him a special License from the late Queen.

Amongst

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Amongst the many Compliments that were made Mr. *Booth* on his playing *Cato*, I think the following Lines (that came at that time from an unknown Hand) have something elegant and uncommon in the Thought, and truly Epigrammatick in the Turn of Expression.

*Cato, a lonely Spirit long had been,
Aereal, and unbodied ---- never seen ;
Hover'd o'er States, o'er Theatres; but then
Still found, or servile, or unequal Men.
The Briton Booth the Genius did receive,
Took home the Soul, and made our Cato live.*

The great Advantage which was given Mr. *Booth* on this Occasion, by bringing him into the Management with Mr. *Wilks*, Mr. *Cibber*, and Mr. *Dogget*, so much disgusted the last-nam'd famous Comedian, that he left the Stage forthwith, and play'd but twice, some Years after, at the particular Command of the late King.

Mr. *Booth* being thus settled in the Management of the Theatre, I can meet with no remarkable Observation, during the Interval of Seven Years, but his Amour with the late Mrs. *Mountfort*; and I should be inclin'd to leave this Circumstance beneath that friendly Veil, which Humanity directs us to throw over the Failings of the Dead,
if

if Justice due to the Memory of my Friend did not compel me to clear him from some base Aspersions, which have been cast on him, even since his Death, in relation to this Affair. The Falshoods I mean, are, That Mr. *Booth* not only injur'd Mrs. *Mountfort* in her Love, but her Fortune; which Usage occasion'd her unhappy Catastrophe. ----- To these I can reply with Truth, That *Edward Min---*, *Esq*; was his Rival and Successor in her Affection (Mrs. *Mountfort* cohabiting with him at his House in *Pallmall*, above a Year before Mr. *Booth*'s Marriage) and, to her very great Misfortune, became the Guardian of her Money; for, at the Discovery of their Intimacy, Mr. *Booth* deliver'd up her Effects, in the Year 1718, as is fully testified by the following Discharge, sign'd by Mrs. *Mountfort*, in the Presence of Mr. *Minskill*, and many Witnesses, some of whom are now living.

“ WHEREAS I *Susanna Mountfort*,
 “ of the Parish of *St. Giles*, in the
 “ County of *Middlesex*, Singlewoman, did
 “ some time past deposite in the Hands of
 “ *Barton Booth*, of the Parish of *St. Giles*
 “ in the Fields, in the said County of *Middle-*
 “ *sex*, Gent. several *Exchequer* and *Bank Bills*,
 “ amounting in value to the Sum of Three
 “ Thousand and Two Hundred Pounds:
 “ Now know all Men by these Presents, That
 “ B “ He

The Life and Character of

“ He the said *Barton Booth* hath this Day
“ deliver’d unto Me the said *Susannah*
“ *Mountfort*, all and every of the same *Ex-*
“ *chequer* and *Bank* Bills, so by me formerly
“ deposited with him the said *Barton Booth*,
“ as aforesaid; and that the same now are
“ of the full Value of Three Thousand and
“ Two Hundred Pounds; the Receipt of all
“ and every of which said several *Exchequer*
“ and *Bank* Bills I do hereby acknowledge,
“ and thereof, and therefrom, and from each,
“ every, or any, and all of them, do hereby
“ for my Self, my Executors, and Admi-
“ nistrators, acquit, release, and for ever
“ discharge the said *Barton Booth*, his Exe-
“ cutors and Administrators, by these Pre-
“ sents. And I the said *Susanna Mount-*
“ *fort*, do hereby declare that I am fully
“ contented and satisfied with such Rede-
“ livery of the said Bills, and do release
“ all Claim which I might or could have
“ or demand of, or from the said *Barton*
“ *Booth*, his Executors or Administrators,
“ by means or reason of my depositing the
“ said Bills in the Hands of the said *Barton*
“ *Booth*, as aforesaid, and of all other Mat-
“ ters or Things whatsoever. In Witness
“ whereof, I the said *Susanna Mountfort*
“ have hereunto set my Hand and Seal,
“ this Twenty First Day of *June*, *Anno*
“ *Domini* 1718, and in the Fourth Year of
“ the Reign of our Sovereign Lord *George*,
“ by

BARTON BOOTH, *Esq;*

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“ by the Grace of God, of *Great Britain,*
“ *France, and Ireland,* King, Defender of
“ the Faith, &c.

SUSANNA MOUNTFORT.

*Sealed and Delivered, (being first duly
Stamped) in the Presence of*

*Edward Minsbush,
John Bickerstaffe,
Samuel Wrexham,
John Harrison,
Robert Dowling,
Thomas Bambridge.*

In the Year 1714, in the State-Lottery, Mr. *Booth* and Mrs. *Mountfort* had each of them the same Number of Tickets, which inclin'd them to agree to share their Fortune together. A Prize of 5000 Pounds came up to one of Mrs. *Mountfort*'s Numbers; and tho' Mr. *Booth* was very much persuaded by some of his Friends, who were Witnesses to the Agreement, to demand the Half of that large Sum; yet he never could be prevail'd on to do it, but excus'd himself by saying, their Agreement was only Verbal, and since it was her own good Fortune, she should enjoy it all. The Truth of this Circumstance can be attested by Mr. *Wrexham* the Mercer, in *Tavistock-Street*, who bought the Tickets.

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I forbear

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I forbear to mention the Misfortunes that attended that unhappy Woman, occasion'd by her Conduct, which first bred a Difference and Separation between them, and soon after brought on her Death; and shall conclude with this Observation, That injur'd Persons are generally irritated by too much Revenge to give proper Discharges, at least, without the Conviction of Justice; and that these Falshoods were rais'd by the Propagators of Scandal and Calumny, without the Foundation of Truth from either Party.

In the Year 1719, Mr. *Booth* married Mrs. *Hester Santlow*, his present Widow and Executrix: This was a happy and fortunate Marriage to him, which he express'd by the Overflowings of his grateful Heart on all Occasions: That conjugal Friendship which he has finely describ'd in his Digression in the First Ode from *Horace*, is nothing more than a just Representation of what he had so strongly experienc'd himself. This Domestick Harmony qualified him at all times to receive his Friends with Pleasure, and prov'd an uncommon Inducement to them to be more frequent in their Visits.

Thus he remain'd in the full Possession of all the Felicities that Human Nature could enjoy, till the fatal Year 1727; when he was seiz'd with a violent Fever, which continu'd

tinu'd on him 46 Days without Intermission. He was attended by Dr. *Broxham*, and Dr. *Friend*; and in all that time, it was very remarkable, he was delirious but two Nights and one Day; I thought it proper to take notice of this Circumstance, to obviate a false Report, viz. that *He was out of his Senses during the whole time of his Illness.*

He return'd to the Theatre (to the great Joy of the Town) the next Season, which was his Bane, being unequal in Strength to the laborious Business of the Stage. However he play'd several principal Characters, and continu'd in the Revival of *Henry the Eighth*, which was play'd a great Number of Nights successively, on the Account of their present Majesties Coronation, a pompous Representation of which Ceremony was introduc'd into that Play. After this he rehears'd the Part of *Julio*, in a Play call'd *The Distress'd Lovers*, which is said to have been written by the famous *Shakespeare*, and was compleated from an old Manuscript, and brought on the Stage by Mr. *Theobald*. When the Actors were all perfect in their several Parts, and the Piece just in Readiness to be given to the Publick, Mr. *Booth* was unfortunately confin'd by a Relapse, and his Fever was so violent, that his Part was supplied two or three Nights by the late Mr. *Williams*; but being solicited by
Mr. *Theobald*

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Mr. *Theobald* to return, if possible, for the Good of his Play, his Good-nature made him disregard his Indisposition, and prevail'd on him to perform it himself from the Fifth Night to the Twelfth, which was the last of his Appearance on the Stage.

Mr. *Booth* sent again for Dr. *Broxbam*; who, after some few Days call'd in Dr. *Friend* to his Assistance; to whom Dr. *Colebatch* was likewise added. These three Physicians attended him constantly for a considerable time; and, after long Application, they perceiv'd his Fever to be turn'd into an inveterate Jaundice.

Upon this Discovery Dr. *Mead* was sent for; and in *April* 1729, by that Gentleman's Direction, Mr. *Booth* went to *Bath*, where he remain'd Eleven Weeks, and return'd to Town without finding any Benefit. He remain'd in *London* Three Weeks, and fancying the Sea-Sickness might prove a Cure for his Jaundice, he embark'd in a Packet-Boat, with Mrs. *Booth*, for *Ostend*; from thence he went through *Flanders* to *Antwerp*; designing to make the Tour of *Holland*, to consult with Dr. *Boerhaave*, who had before been acquainted with his Case: But his Fever returning so fast, and so severely upon him (compelling him as he travell'd to keep his Bed every other Day) he was oblig'd to alter his Resolution, and return the nearest way to *England*.

Here

Here he continu'd a considerable time in a very severe and dangerous Condition, being under a constant Visitation of violent Fevers, attended with tormenting Colicks.

In the Year 1731, Mr. *Booth* took Lady *Mansell's* House at *Hampstead*, where his Fever very much abated, and he soon became capable of receiving a Pleasure from the Visits of his Friends: From this time he continu'd apparently mending every Day, which may be principally attributed, I believe, to his chewing of Rhubarb, which Practice he then enter'd upon by the Advice of Mr. *Small* the Surgeon, and which he afterward continu'd with very great Success. This happy Alteration flatter'd his Friends, as well as himself, with the Hopes of seeing him once more on the Stage. The following Ode was wrote on that Occasion, by a Gentleman whom I have before-mention'd as his Tutor at *Westminster-School*.

An O D E.

On Mr. BOOTH'S Recovery.

By Mr. MAITTAIRE.

QUALEM magistrum vocis, & arbitrum
 Cestūs honesti (cui meritum decus
 Et histriones in Latinos
 Ars perperit sua principatum)
 Romana vidit natio Roscium,
 Mentēs potentem flectere, plausibus
 Disrupta cū plebis patrumque
 Undique constreperent theatra;
 Qualemve pridem gens, Italā haud minor,
 Ne Roscio ipsi cedere credidit
 Britannia Bettertonum (in ore
 Tanta aderat gravitas venusto);
 His te magistris voce pari, pari,
 BARTONE, gestu sæpius æmulum,
 Fultum Sophocleo coturno,
 Vidimus, audiimus stupentes:

Sive

*Sive ore pleno rite sonantia
Pronunciare verba pœseos
Shakesperiana, sive atrocem
Indueres animum Catonis.
Olim locutum sic Periclem puto,
Movisse mentes sic popularium;
Seu civicos sedare motus,
Seu resides populos ad arma
Ciare, fixis intus aculeis,
Vellet, loquelæ callidus artifex:
Audi veris quem si loquentem,
Credideris micuisse fulgur.
Te morbus ex quo corripuit gravis,
BARTONE, mærens, auspiciis tuis
Nudata, sordet scena: quæ te
Stante stat, utque cadit cadente.
Nostris severæ Musa tragædiæ
Diu theatris absuit: in vicem
Venere derisor Latinus,
Et Thymele, tremulique mimi.
Hygeia tandem Mercurialium
Custos virorum te vetuit mori,
Instante fato: spemque vitæ
Blanda dedit tibi longioris.
Tu, seu loquaris, seu quid agas, places;
Mulcere sensus tu potes: intimi
Et expedis cordis recessus
Per varios tua victor arma.*

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Plaudens theatrum te revocat : prece
*Te * Danus ambit sollicitâ ; suam,*
Te † Maurus, ut demum imminutam
Restituas sibi dignitatem.
Plaudit theatrum ; parce tamen nimis
Vitam theatri credere plaufibus :
Rurfus redonatam theatrum,
Ni caveas, rapiet salutem.

* Hamlet Prince of Denmark. † The Moor of Venice.

But, alas ! his fatal Enemy was, by this Suspension, only recruiting new Force ; for, near fix Months before he died, he had a violent periodical Colick, which return'd on him once a Month, and so fatigu'd and harafs'd him, that he could not recover from one Attack before the Approach of another.

About the middle of last *March* his Colicks began to be attended with an Intermittent-Fever. On the 22d of *April* his Fevers left him ; after which he seem'd once more to think of recovering. But on *Tuesday* the 8th of *May* following, he was seiz'd with his last fatal Illness, a satisfactory and curious Account of which is hereafter annex'd, as it was drawn up by Mr. *Small*, who open'd the Body ; all I shall say therefore is, that on *Thursday* the 10th of *May* he expir'd, being sensible to the last of violent Torture in his Bowels, which he continued making Signs of some Hours after he was speechless. The

BARTON BOOTH, *Esq*;

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The same Day his Body was open'd in the Presence of Sir *Hans Sloan*, by Mr. *Small*, who gives the following Account, viz.

The CASE of Mr. BOOTH.

S I R,

THE absolute Necessity of attending some Business in Town, and the adjacent Villages, has prevented my transmitting to you sooner, what was observ'd in the Opening of the Body of the late Mr. *Booth*; and what Quantity, (*as you desire to be inform'd*) of crude Mercury he had taken, by Dr. *D——r's* Advice; with the particular Circumstances that attended it, which I have now procur'd you, from Mrs. *Booth's* Relation, viz.

May 3. Mr. *Booth* being apprehensive of a Return of an Intermitting Fever, which about ten or twelve Days before had left him by the Use of the *Cortex*, he was resolv'd, after reading Dr. *D——r's* Book of *Crude Mercury*, and fearing the Return of his Fever, to take the Doctor's Advice: He accordingly sent for him, and from the Encouragement he gave him, *That it would not only prevent the Return of his Fever, but effectually cure him of all his Complaints,*

The Life and Character of

on the Day following he began the *Mercurial Course*, as directed, and so punctually follow'd those Directions, that he had taken within two Ounces, two Pounds weight by *Tuesday May* the Eighth, at which Time he began to complain of a very great Pain on the forepart of his Head, and as great in his Bowels also, with a universal Uneasiness of his Body, insomuch that he could not remain one Moment in the same Posture.

This continued till the next Day, when he still hoped his *Mercurial Course* would have the promised Effects; but Mrs. Booth apprehending the ill Consequences, sent away for Sir *Hans Sloan*, who, for the Relief of his Head, order'd nine Ounces of Blood to be drawn from the *Jugular*. Plaisters also *pro Plantis Pedum, ex Emp. Cephal. cum Euphorbio*. Having had no Passage, the following purging Draught,

℞ *Pil. Ruff.* ʒ ss. *Aq. Lact. Alex.* ʒ iii.
m. f. *potio quam primum sumenda & repetatur* vj^a *quaque hora donec Alvus soluta fuerit.*

This proving ineffectual, the following Glyster,

℞ *Decoct. com. pro. Glyst.* ʒ x. *Elect. Lenit.* ʒ i. *Syr. de Spin. Cerv.* ʒ i ss. m. f.
Enema

BARTON BOOTH, *Esq;*

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Enema injiciendum hora sexta Vespertina si Alvus non fuerit prius soluta.

In the Evening, finding him faint and dispirited, this cordial Mixture was prescrib'd for him, (*scil.*)

℞ *Aq. Lact. Alex. Mentb.* ā ʒ iv. *Conf. Raleigh* ʒ i. *Alkerm. f. o.* ʒ ii. *Aq. Stephan.* ʒ ii. *Syr. Caryoph.* ʒ iii. *Spir. Lavend. C.* ʒ ii. *M. Capiat: Cochl. W. Statim* & *in languoribus repetatur.*

Pergat in Ufu ultimo præscript.

Maui 9^o 1733. for Mr. Booth,

H. S.

The next Day, the Head-ach still continuing, an *Epispastick* was laid all over the *Scalp*, and this Emulsion prescribed to obviate a Strangury, *viz.*

℞ *Amynd. dul. Decoct. N^o. xii. sem. 4. fr. Maj.* ʒ fs. *Contusis affunde Decoct. Hord.* ℔ ii. & f. *Emulsio cui adde Syr. de Althea* ʒ i. & *bibat hujus copiose* & *frequenter.*

Maui 11^o 1733. for Mr. Booth,

H. S.

In

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In the Evening, his Costiveness still continuing, and the Symptoms increasing, the following, which were the last.

℞ *Lact. Vacim rec.* ℥ x. *Tereb. Ven.* ℥ iii.
Ol. Chamomel ℥ ii. *Syr. de Spm. Cerv.*
 ℥ i fs. m. f. *Enema injiciendum quam*
primum.

℞ *Ol. Amygd. Dul. Syr. Viol. Elect. Lenit.*
 ā ℥ i fs. *flor. Sulph.* ℥ ii. *Sper. Ceti* ℥ i.
Sacch. cand. q. f. m. f. *Linctus Capiat.*
Coch. 1^m. 3^a quaq; *hora super bibendo*
Haust. Emuls. præscriptæ.

℞ *Spir. Lavand. Sal. Vol. Ol.* ā ℥ iii. m.
capiat. gut. xxx. cum quovis potulento.

Maii x^o 1733. for Mr. Booth,

H. S.

It was on this Day that Mr. Booth died.

Mrs. Booth says, he made no new Complaints till May the Eighth, nor had he voided any of the Mercury before that Day.

The Method of looking out for which, was by diluting the Excrements in the Bed-pan he made use of, with such Quantity of Water that the Fæces run out at the hollow of the Handle, whilst the Mercury subsided to the Bottom of the Pan; the whole Quantity of which thus collected, with what adher'd,

her'd to the Pan, was judg'd to be about half a Pound weight.

His Body was open'd in the Presence of Sir *Hans Sloan*.

His *Liver* was in very good Order, neither hard nor livid, but somewhat larger than usual.

The *Gall Bladder* six Times bigger than what is commonly observed, and filled with *Bile*.

In the *Ductus Choledochus* was found a Gall Stone of the Size and Shape of a Horse Bean, which had so entirely stop't the Bile from passing into the *Duodenum*, that not the least Appearance thereof could be observed in the whole Tract of the *Intestines*.

There were five smaller Gall Stones found in the *Vesica Fellis*.

I endeavour'd to divide the *Rectum* and tie it, but it was so rotten that it broke between my Fingers like Tinder, and sent forth a most offensive cadaverous Stench.

The *Rectum*, with the other *Intestines*, were ript up with a Pair of Scissars, in which was found very little Excrement, but the whole Tract on the inside, lin'd with *Crude Mercury* divided in Globules, about the Bigness of Pins Heads.

The Inside of the *Intestines* was not glaz'd over with the Mercury, as you had been told, for they were as black as your Hat, and so rotten

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rotten, that they would not endure the least straining without breaking in pieces.

I am, Sir,

*York-Buildings,
May 31,
1733.*

With the greatest Respect,

Your most humble Servant,

Alex. Small.

N. B. There was no Fault in any Part of his Body, but what is here mention'd.

POSTSCRIPT.

Mr. *Booth* had labour'd many Years under an obstinate Jaundice, for which he had ineffectually prosecuted many Courses of Medicine, and had, by the Advice of his Physician, been salivated for the Space of a Month, in each Day of which he spit at the least three Pints, oftner two Quarts, but with no good Effect.

The last Remedy, before this fatal Illness, he took, was *Rhubarb*, of which he chew'd each Day, for near the Space of two Years, at least three Drams; the Effect of which was, that he purged Eighteen, sometimes Twenty Times, in every Twenty four Hours, without

without being any ways dispirited thereby; by which Method the Jaundice entirely vanish'd, and he recover'd his Strength and Flesh, growing Fat, and remaining in this hopeful Way till about a Month before he died, then he relaps'd into his Jaundice, attended with an Intermitting Fever, the last of which he recover'd from by the Use of the *Cortex*, as has been hinted before.

On the *Thursday* Morning following, his Corps was carried from his House in *Charles-Street, Covent-Garden*, to *Cowley Church* near *Uxbridge*, attended by six Gentlemen who supported the Pall; and there privately buried, pursuant to his last Will, which he wrote two Years before his Death, and is as follows.

“ **W**HOLLY resign'd, and submitting
 “ to the Will of God, I *Barton Booth*,
 “ of the Parish of *St. Paul, Covent-Garden*,
 “ do make and ordain this my last Will and
 “ Testament, as follows: I bequeath to
 “ *Christian Hannab* the Sum of Five Pounds,
 “ an old Servant to my Father.

“ All and singular my Estate, as well
 “ Real as Personal, Ready-Money, Bonds,
 “ Notes, Plate, Jewels, Goods and Chat-
 “ tels of what kind or nature soever, I give
 “ and bequeath absolutely to my dearest and
 “ well-beloved Wife, *Hester Booth*, her Heirs,
 D “ Execu-

The Life and Character of

“ Executors, and Assigns for ever; and I appoint and constitute my said Wife, *Hester Booth*, full and sole Executrix of this my last Will and Testament, hereby revoking and making void all other Wills by me made.

“ It is my earnest Desire to be buried privately, without Ostentation, Hatchment, Escutcheon, &c. in *Cowley Church* near *Uxbridge*.

“ As I have been a Man much known and talk'd of, my not leaving Legacies to my Relations may give Occasion to censorious People to reflect upon my Conduct in this latter Act of my Life; therefore I think it necessary to declare, that I have consider'd my Circumstances, and finding, upon a strict Examination, that all I am now possess'd of does not amount to two Thirds of the Fortune my said Wife brought me on the Day of our Marriage, together with the yearly Additions and Advantages since arising from her laborious Employment upon the Stage, during twelve Years past, I thought myself bound by Honesty, Honour, and Gratitude, due to her constant Affection, not to give away any Part of the Remainder of her Fortune at my Death, having already bestow'd in free Gifts upon my Sister, *Barbara Rogers*, upwards of 1300 Pounds, out of my Wife's Substance; and full 400 Pounds
“ of

“ of her Money upon my undeserving Brother,
“ *George Booth* (besides the Gifts they
“ receiv’d before my Marriage) *and all these*
“ *Benefits were conferr’d on my said Brother*
“ *and Sister, from Time to Time, at the ear-*
“ *nest Solicitation of my Wife, who was per-*
“ *petually intreating me to continue the Allow-*
“ *ances I gave my Relations before my Mar-*
“ *riage.* The inhuman Return that has
“ been made my Wife for these Obligations,
“ by my Sister, I forbear to mention: Once
“ more renouncing and making void all former
“ Wills, I declare this present Testament
“ to be my true and last Will. In
“ witness whereof I have hereunto set my
“ Hand and Seal this Second Day of *June,*
“ *Anno Domini* One Thousand Seven Hundred
“ Thirty and One; and in the Fourth
“ Year of the Reign of our Sovereign Lord
“ King *George* the Second, &c. all written
“ with my own Hand.

B. BOOTH.

*Signed, sealed, published, and declared by
the Testator, Barton Booth, as and
for his last Will and Testament; and in
the Presence of us, who subscribed our
Names as Witnesses thereto, in the Presence
of the said Testator.*

*Henry Kirby.**J. Baskerville.**Geo. Pinchard.*

D 3

Mr. Booth.

Mr. *Booth's* Merit, as an Actor, was of late Years unrivall'd, and even so extraordinary as to be almost beyond the Reach of Envy. He was of a Form, altogether Graceful, accompanied with an Air that gave the highest Dignity to all his Gestures. His Face had a manly Sweetness; and his Features were so happily turn'd, as to be able to express the roughest Passions, without losing any thing of the Agreeableness of his Countenance. His Voice had great Strength in it, and a Tone uncommonly musical. His Articulation was so exceedingly distinct and clear, that he could be heard to the farthest Part of the Theatre, even in a Whisper.

With these Talents, join'd to a most accurate Knowledge of the various Passions, and the proper Peculiarities by which they express themselves, he could personate Majesty without Grimace, and Rage without Ranting; and when any Passage in the Part he acted requir'd the Extent of his Voice, he never deliver'd any thing harsh or disagreeable.

It was in many Instances he prov'd these excellent Qualities, but particularly in the following, *viz.*

In the Part of *Pyrrhus* in the *Distress'd Mother*; where his Entrance — his Walking; and mounting to the Throne — his Sitting down — his Manner of giving his Answer to the Ambassador — his rising from the Throne — his

his descending, and leaving the Stage — tho' Circumstances of a very common nature in Theatrical Performances, yet were executed by him with a Grandeur not to be describ'd.

In the Part of *Hotspur*, in the Play of *Henry the Fourth*, he preserv'd the Fire of that Character; without those Distortions of Countenance we so frequently see in other Actors on the like Occasions.

In the Part of *Othello*, and particularly in the following remarkable menacing Speech:

*Villain, be sure thou prove my Love a Whore,
Be sure of it! Give me the ocular Proof!
Or by the Worth of mine eternal Soul,
Thou hadst been better have been born a Dog,
A Dog, Jago! than answer my wak'd Wrath.*

He not only discover'd the Firmness of his Voice, but his great Skill in managing it; so that in the highest Expressions of Fury and Distraction it never became untuneful; and he cou'd immediately speak in the ordinary way, without its appearing strain'd. I might here take notice of another Advantage he possess'd (very necessary in a Player) and that was an exquisite Ear, so as never to speak out of Tune, or a proper Key.

In short, all Description that Words can give of this great Man, serve only to put
those

in mind of him who have seen and heard him, rather than give just Ideas of him to those who have never had that Entertainment. It is not enough to say, he was Graceful, acted Justly, and spoke with the greatest Harmony and Propriety; for those Qualities were peculiarly his own: But his manner of exciting all the noble and tender Passions gave such complete Delight as cannot be reach'd by Imagination, nor describ'd by Language.

As for Mr. *Booth's* Parts in Comedy, tho' his particular Excellencies were not so fully display'd in them, yet not one has been attempted after him but to the greatest Disadvantage. Those who deny'd him Talents for Genteel Comedy, were such as plac'd the Characters of Sir *Harry Wildair*, Sir *Charles Easy*, *Dorimant*, &c. for the Standard of Gentility. For Parts of that Cast, he was indeed unfit, both in Air and Temper. But then, I believe no one will say he did not appear the fine Gentleman in the Character of *Bevil*, in the *Conscious Lovers*.

As for Parts of Humour, his playing *Pinchwife* in the *Country Wife*, and *Manley* in the *Plain-Dealer*, are remarkable Instances; and, I am inform'd, he once acted *Falstaff* before the late Queen *Anne*, to the Delight of the whole Audience.

Cicero observes, there are so many Qualifications requisite to make an accomplish'd Actor,

BARTON BOOTH, *Esq*;

31

Actor, that he thought it almost impossible to meet with them in one Man ; yet, says he, I had the Happiness of seeing this Prodigy, *Roscius* ! — We who have seen Mr. *Booth*, have enjoy'd a like Happiness with *Cicero*, and (without the Gift of Prophecy) may venture to boast of a Pleasure, which the next Age must despair of.

In order to do Justice to this Character, I made Application to a Gentleman, whose long Acquaintance with Mr. *Booth*, whose Knowledge of the Stage, and Kindness to me, prevail'd on him to favour me with the following Letter on this Subject.

To Mr. V I C T O R.

S I R,

“ I WILL comply with your Desire, in as
“ brief a manner as I am able, and send
“ you my Sentiments concerning what was
“ chiefly remarkable in Mr. *Booth*, as an
“ Actor.

“ Two Advantages distinguish'd him in
“ the strongest Light, from the rest of his
“ Fraternity: He had Learning to under-
“ stand perfectly whatever it was his Part
“ to speak ; and Judgment to know how far
“ it agreed or disagreed with his Character.
“ Hence arose a peculiar Grace, which was
“ visible

“ visible to every Spectator; tho’ few were
 “ at the pains of examining into the Cause
 “ of their Pleasure. He cou’d soften and
 “ slide over, with a kind of elegant Negli-
 “ gence, the Improproprieties in a Part he act-
 “ ed, while, on the contrary, he wou’d
 “ dwell with Energy upon the Beauties; as
 “ if he exerted a latent Spirit which had
 “ been kept back for such an Occasion, that
 “ he might alarm, awaken, and transport, in
 “ those Places only, where the Dignity of
 “ his own good Sense could be supported by
 “ that of his Author.

“ A little Reflexion upon this remarkable
 “ Quality, will help us to account for that
 “ manifest Languor which has sometimes
 “ been observ’d in his Action, and which
 “ was generally, tho’ I think falsely, im-
 “ puted to the natural Indolence of his
 “ Temper.

“ For the same Reason, tho’ in the cu-
 “ stomary Rounds of his Business he would
 “ condescend to some Parts in Comedy, he
 “ seldom appear’d in any of them with much
 “ Advantage to his Character. The Passions
 “ which he found in Comedy were not strong
 “ enough to excite his Fire; and what seem’d
 “ Want of Qualification, was only Absence
 “ of Impression.

“ He had a Talent at discovering the Pas-
 “ sions, where they lay hid in some cele-
 “ brated Parts, by the injudicious Practice
 “ of

“ of other Actors; when he had discover’d,
“ he soon grew able to express them: and
“ his Secret for attaining this great Lesson of
“ the Theatre, was an Adaption of his Look
“ to his Voice; by which artful Imitation
“ of Nature, the Variations in the Sound of
“ his Words gave Propriety to every Change
“ in his Countenance. So that it was
“ Mr. Booth’s peculiar Felicity to be Heard
“ and Seen, the same, whether as the *Pleas’d*,
“ the *Griev’d*, the *Pitying*, the *Reproachful*,
“ or the *Angry*. One would almost be
“ tempted to borrow the Aid of a very bold
“ Figure, and to express this Excellence the
“ more significantly, beg Permission to af-
“ firm, That the Blind might have seen him
“ in his Voice, and the Deaf have heard him
“ in his Visage.

“ His Gesture, or, as it is commonly call’d,
“ his Action, was but the Result and neces-
“ sary Consequence of this Dominion o-
“ ver his Voice and Countenance: For
“ having, by concurrence of two such
“ Causes, impress’d his Imagination with
“ the Stamp and Spirit of a Passion, his
“ Nerves obey’d the Impulse by a kind
“ of Natural Dependency, and relax’d or
“ brac’d successively into all that fine Ex-
“ pressiveness, with which he painted what
“ he spoke, without Restraint or Affecta-
“ tion.

E

“ I can

The Life and Character of

“ I can scarce forbear to be fuller on so
 “ inviting a Subject; but I consider the
 “ Size of the Treatise you are about to pub-
 “ lish, and shall add nothing but the good
 “ Wishes, with which I am,

S I R,

Your most obedient

July 8, 1733.

humble Servant,

A. H I L L.

I shall now only beg leave to trouble the Reader with a Word or two more concerning Mr. *Booth* as an Author: He was a Man of strong, clear, and lively Imaginations; his Conversation was engaging and instructive. That he had the Advantage of a finish'd Education, to improve and illustrate the bountiful Gifts of Nature, will appear by the following Inscription, which he wrote under the Picture of Mr. *Smith* a celebrated Actor, in the Reign of King *Charles II.* and has been greatly admired for the classical Stile and Sentiment.

*Scenicus eximius, regnante Carolo Secundo,
 Bettertono Coætaneus & Amicus, nec non prope-
 modum æqualis. Haud ignobili stirpe oriun-
 dus, nec Literarum rudis humaniorum; rem
 Scenicam per multos feliciter Annos administra-
 vit; justoque moderamine & morum suavitate,
 omnium*

omnium intra Theatrum Observantiam, extra Theatrum Laudem, ubique Benevolentiam & Amorem, sibi conciliavit.

His Genius for Poetry is evident by the following Pieces, thro' all which there flows the greatest Harmony in the Numbers, and Accuracy in the Stile; but that Modesty which obstructed his Progress in the Poetical way, prevented the Publication, of any thing he wrote, in his Lifetime: Tho' I think three of the Songs appear'd about the Time they were written; but as they were not printed from his Copies, they are full of Errors.

The Ode on Dancing was wrote in the Year 1718, and left incorrect: But if the Reader will consider the Author, at the Time he wrote it, in the Character of the real Lover, perhaps some Allowances may be made for the Flights of Fancy.



16. 17. 18. 19. 20.

1. The first part of the book is devoted to a general history of the world, from the beginning of time to the present day. It is divided into three parts: the first part contains the history of the world from the beginning of time to the present day; the second part contains the history of the world from the present day to the future; and the third part contains the history of the world from the future to the end of time.



21. 22. 23. 24. 25.



POETICAL PIECES.

Written by Mr. *BOOTH*.

S O N G.

I.



N vain unhappy *Damon* tries,
To find Repose in Liberty;
Pleasure, the dull Condition, flies,
A Lover he must live and die.

His amorous Heart no more can bear
The tedious Night, and irksome Day;
He pines for some good-natur'd Fair,
To pass the heavy Hours away.

II. Be

38 POETICAL PIECES.

II.

Be kind, ye Pow'rs! and hear his Prayer;
 Propitious to his Wishes prove;
 Direct him to the destin'd Fair,
 Who best deserves his Truth in Love:
 Fain wou'd he taste her friendly Charms,
 And longs the healing Balm to try;
 Fain wou'd he languish in her Arms,
 Wou'd with her live, and with her die.

S O N G.

I.

AM I then condemn'd by Love,
 Still to wander, still to rove;
 Ever searching, never finding,
 Hearing, swearing Oaths not binding;
 Still pursuing, still astray,
 Hunting Truth that flies away.

II.

Yet I the Chase can never leave,
 But still my own fond Hopes deceive;

'Till

'Till *Mira*! soft, inviting Fair!

By Nature form'd to bless my Arms,
Shall stop me in my full Career,

A Victim to her friendly Charms;
Observe her Blushes, and her Sighs,
Mark not her Words, but watch her Eyes!

III.

Truth is in her tender Breast;

Her Looks are sweet, and full of Love;
My Soul in her alone wou'd rest,

Nor any further Trial prove:
But if my Wish I fail to gain,

No Disappointment I'll deplore;
But swear, and lye, and still remain
The wand'ring Thing I was before.

S O N G.

I.

CAN then a Look create a Thought,
Which Time can ne'er remove?

Yes, foolish Heart, again thou'rt caught,

Again thou bleed'st for Love.

She

40 POETICAL PIECES.

II.

She fees the Conquest of her Eyes,
Nor heals the Wounds she gave;
She smiles, whene'er his Blushes rise,
And shuns her fighting Slave.

III.

Yet Swain, be bold, and still adore her,
Still her flying Charms pursue;
Love and Friendship both implore her,
Pleading, Night and Day, for you.

S O N G.

I.

WHAT need of Words, or Oaths, to prove,
The Truth of my unbounded Love:
Or that the Flame which warms my Breast,
Long as my Breath of Life will last.

II.

When *Phæbus* in the Spring appears,
Nature a verdant Livery wears;
The whole Creation blith and gay,
Revives to feel the warmer Day.

Nearer

III.

Nearer the Zenith now he moves;
Nature her various Charms improves,
And all her Beauties now displays,
Pierc'd by her Lover's kindly Rays.

IV.

But lo! the Wanderer retires!
Nature laments her sick'ning Fires:
Her various Beauties all decay,
And, in his Absence, die away.

V.

Thou, Fairest! *Phæbus* art to me,
As Nature Him, I worship Thee!
The quickning Fires thy Eyes impart,
Shoot thro' my Veins, and warm my Heart.

VI.

But Oh! take heed, and still improve,
With constant Rays, the Plant of Love:
The tender Root decays, and dies,
Robb'd of the Warmth that made it rise.

F

VII. Then

VII.

Then ask nor Words, nor Oaths, to prove
 The Truth of my unbounded Love:
 Since You alone, my only Joy,
 Your own Creation can destroy.

DAMON to PHILOMEL.

I.

MIDNIGHT Charmer of the Grove,
 Where I lament my wretched Fate:
 Our joint Complaint, alas! is Love,
 The Difference of our Fortune, great.

II.

Relief to me no Seasons bring;
 For ever doom'd to sigh in vain:
 But you, sweet Bird, who mourn in Spring,
 In Summer Pleasures lose your Pain.

III.

Already from yon bloomy Spray,
 Your willing Mate your Plaint returns;
 Already seems to chide your Stay,
 And with an equal Ardour burns.

IV. Go,

POETICAL PIECES. 43

IV.

Go, *Philomel*, accomplish all
The Joy, that happy Love bestows:
Obey the tender Warbler's Call,
And leave poor *Damon* to his Woes.

V.

And when the new, returning Year,
Again shall call you to the Grove;
Sweet *Philomel*, you'll find me here,
Complaining still of hopeless Love.

S O N G.

SWEET are the Charms of her I love,
More fragrant than the Damask Rose;
Soft as the Down on Turtle-Dove;
Gentle as Air when *Zephir* blows;
Refreshing as descending Rains,
To Sun-burnt Climes and thirsty Plains.

44 POETICAL PIECES.

True as the Needle to the Pole,
Or as the Dial to the Sun;
Constant as gliding Waters roll,
Whose swelling Tides obey the Moon:
From ev'ry other Charmer free,
My Life and Love shall follow thee.

The Lamb the flow'ry Thyme devours;
The Dam the tender Kid pursues;
Sweet *Philomel*, in shady Bowers
Of verdant Spring, his Note renews:
All follow what they most admire,
As I pursue my Soul's Desire.

Nature must change her beauteous Face,
And vary as the Seasons rise;
As Winter to the Spring gives place,
Summer th'Approach of Autumn flies:
No Change in Love the Seasons bring,
Love only knows perpetual Spring.

Devouring

Devouring Time, with stealing Pace,
Makes lofty Oaks and Cedars bow;
And marble Tow'rs, and Walls of Brass,
In his rude March he levels low:
But Time, destroying far and wide,
Love from the Soul can ne'er divide.

Death only, with his cruel Dart,
The gentle Godhead can remove;
And drive him from the bleeding Heart,
To mingle with the Bless'd above:
Where, known to all his kindred Train,
He finds a lasting Rest from Pain.

Love, and his Sister fair, the Soul,
Twin-born, from Heav'n together came;
Love will the Universe controul,
When dying Seasons lose their Name:
Divine Abodes shall own his Pow'r,
When Time and Death shall be no more.



46 POETICAL PIECES.

S O N G.

I.

WANTON *Chloe*, young and charming,
Kindles but a short-liv'd Fire:
Fickle Humours Love disarming,
Quench the Flame her Eyes inspire.

II.

So a gliding Vapour shining,
Bright as Stars that deck the Skies,
Quickly from its Height declining,
Glitters in its Fall, and dies.

III.

Mira ev'ry Grace adorning,
Gently warms my fond Desire;
Sigh for ev'ry Sigh returning,
Like a Vestal, feeds the Fire.

IV.

Hiding still the sacred Pleasure
From the prying vulgar Eye;
Still resigning all her Treasure,
Giving, without Pain, the Joy,



Written

*Written Extempore on a blank Leaf in Rymer's
Remarks upon SHAKESPEARE.*

RYMER, in quest of *Helicon*,
To *Pudde-Dock* the Muses brings;
He drinks the muddy Water down,
And swears 'tis *Aganippe's* Spring.

To *Addle-Hill* then takes his Way,
Which seems to him *Parnassus* fair;
And there invokes the *God of Day*,
Who, propitious, grants his Pray'r.

" Poet be thou, and Critick too,
(*Apollo* laughing said)
" A double Infamy's thy Due,
" And *Midas'* Ears shall grace thy Head.

Edgar * thou art doom'd to write:
Shakespeare divine shalt dare to blame;
Thy Works shall wait on Bums that sh----,
Of Laureat Dunces, first in Fame.

* *Edgar, a miserable Play wrote by Rymer, as an Example of true Tragedy.*

48 POETICAL PIECES.

S O N G.

Translated from the French.

AS in the Myrtle Bow'r I lay,
A mournful Echo fill'd the Grove;
'Twas *Silvia's* Voice imploring Love:

“ Oh cease to wound me, cruel Boy!
“ Be kind, and send a faithful Swain,
“ Whose Balm apply'd, may heal my Pain.

II.

Straight I approach'd my Soul's Desire;
And thus, with tender Looks, I said:

“ Love ever hears the fighting Maid,
“ And kindly sends the faithful Swain,
“ In whom a longing Maid may find
“ The Balm to heal a love-sick Mind.

III.

Trembling, she push'd me from her Side;
Which still the more increas'd her Pain;
Finding, at length, she strove in vain,
“ O Love! she cry'd, I feel thy Pow'r,
“ Who can the raging Smart endure?
So took the Balm, and found the Cure.



O D E.

On M I R A, D A N C I N G.

SHE comes! the God of Love asserts his Reign,
 Resistless o'er the gazing Throng:
 Alone she fills the spacious Scene!

The Charm of ev'ry Eye! the Praise of ev'ry Tongue!
 Order and Grace together join'd,
 Sweetness with Majesty combin'd,
 To make the beauteous Form compleat,
 On ev'ry Step and Motion wait.

Now to a slow and melting Air she moves;
 Her Eyes their Softness steal from *Venus'* Doves:
 So like in Shape, in Air, and Mien,
 She passes for the *Paphian* Queen;
 The Graces all around her play;
 The wond'ring Gazers die away.

Whether her easy Body bend,
 Or her fair Bosom heave with Sighs;
 Whether her graceful Arms extend,
 Or gently fall, or slowly rise;

G

Or

50 POETICAL PIECES.

Or returning, or advancing;
Swimming round, or fide-long glancing;
Gods! how divine an Air
Harmonious Gesture gives the Fair!

We see, in all her Pride,
The well-trimm'd Bark at Anchor ride;
But when her hoisted Sails she spreads,
And o'er the bounding Waves her wat'ry Dance she
leads,

With new Delight the Object we survey,
While in the Winds her wanton Streamers play.
Strange Force of Motion! that subdues the Soul,
Like sweetest Music's magic Pow'r!
That can the noisy Multitude controul!
Can Eloquence her self do more?

But now the flying Fingers strike the Lyre!
The sprightly Notes the Nymph inspire;
She whirls around! she bounds! she springs!
As if *Jove's* Messenger had lent her Wings.

Such

POETICAL PIECES. 51

Such *Daphne* was, when near old *Peneus*' Stream
She fled, to shun a loath'd Embrace;
(Of antient Bards the frequent Theme) [Face!
Such were her lovely Limbs, so flush'd her charming
So round her Neck! her Eyes so fair!
So rose her swelling Chest! so flow'd her Amber Hair!
While her swift Feet outstript the Wind,
And left th' enamour'd God of Day behind.

While the light-footed Fairy flies,
Our mounting Spirits nimbly rise;
The Pulse still answer to the Strains,
And the Blood dances in our Veins.

Of *Cynthia*'s Air let Poets dream,
When from the hoary Mountains Height,
Down to *Eurotas*' silent Stream,
She leads her Virgin Train, and charms the Sight;
Whether on Mountains, or in Woods,
In flow'ry Launs, or verdant Fields,
Or bathing in the silver Floods,
Lo! to a mortal Fair the fanfy'd Goddess yields.

Q. Horatii Flacci Carminum Liber I.

O D E XXXIV.

In EPICUREOS.

PARCUS Deorum cultor, & infrequens,
 Insanientis dum sapientiæ,
 Consultus erro: nunc retrorsum
 Vela dare, atque iterare cursus
 Cogor relictos. namque Diespiter
 Igni corusco nubila dividens,
 Plerumque per purum tonantes
 Egit equos, volucrumque currum,
 Quo bruta tellus, & vaga flumina,
 Quo Styx, & invisi horrida Tænari
 Sedes, Atlanteusque finis,
 Concutitur. valet ima summis
 Mutare, & insignem attenuat Deus,
 Obscura promens. hinc apicem rapax
 Fortuna cum stridore acuto
 Sustulit, hinc posuisse gaudet.

*The xxxivth ODE of the First Book of
Horace, Imitated.*

BY wild Philosophy misled,
 Regardless of the Gods, too long I stray'd.
 Urg'd by Impulse Divine, at length I mourn
 My Crimes, and to Religion's sacred Rites return.
 Mark the blue Light'ning from *Jove's* fiery Carr!
 Sedate he drives his thund'ring Steeds from far!
 Swift through the bursting Clouds and flaming Air!
 Earth, our dull Mother, groans; the River-Gods,
 Confounded, tremble in their deep Abodes! [bow;
 From their broad Base upheav'd, the lofty Mountains
 Ev'n Hell's Foundations feel the dreadful Blow.
 Headlong amidst the base-born Croud,
 He flings the Haughty, and the Proud;
 Now lifts the Lowly high in Air!
 Now sinks the Mighty in Despair!
 Sudden, he seizes on the Tyrant's Crown,
 And bids another fill the vacant Throne!

O D E

Carminum Liber III. Ode I.

IN ANIMI TRANQUILLITATEM.

O DI profanum vulgus, & arceo.
 Favete linguis: carmina non prius
 Audita Musarum sacerdos
 Virginibus, puerisque canto.
 Regum timendorum in proprios greges,
 Reges in ipsos imperium est Jovis,
 Clari giganteo triumpho,
 Cuncta supercilio moventis.
 Est, ut viro vir latius ordinet
 Arbusta sulcis: hic generosior
 Descendat in campum petitor:
 Moribus hic, meliôrque famâ
 Contendat: illi turba clientium
 Sit major: æquâ lege necessitas
 Sortitur insignes, & imos:
 Omne capax movet urna nomen.

Di-

*An Imitation of the First ODE of Horace,
Book III.*

Great Liberties are taken with the Original: sometimes he is closely follow'd, and as often intirely forsaken. If the Reader please to look upon this Attempt as an Amusement only, 'tis all can be desir'd. My Obligations to a Friend, who deserves infinitely more than I have said of her, interrupted my first Design, and led me into the Digression which occasion'd the Conclusion.

B. BOOTH.

I HATE the common Herd. Hence ye profane!
A silent uncorrupted Train,
Virgins, and blooming Youths, attend my Lyre:
Lo! great *Apollo's* sacred Choir,
With Strains unheard before, their Priest inspire.
Empires mighty Monarchs Sway;
Those mighty Monarchs *Jove* obey:
He bends the Heavens with his Imperial Nod,
Prostrate the Giants fell, and own'd the Conqu'ror God.

Some the first Post of Honour claim,
Proud of their Birth and ancient Name;
Rivall'd by Those, whose wide-spread Furrows bear
The various Harvest of the Year:
Vain is their Contest, vain their Boast,
In Death is all Distinction lost: While

56 POETICAL PIECES.

*Distriētus ensis cui super impiā
 Cervice pendet, non Siculæ dapes
 Dulcem elaborabunt saporem:
 Non avium, citharaëque cantus
 Somnum reducent. somnus agrestium
 Lenis virorum non humiles domos
 Fastidit, umbrosâque ripam,
 Non Zephyris agitata Tempe.
 Desiderantem, quod satîs est, neque
 Tumultuosum sollicitat mare,
 Nec sævus Arcturi cadentis
 Impetus, aut orientis Hædi:
 Non verberatæ grandine vineæ,
 Fundusque mendax: arbore nunc aquas
 Culpante, nunc torrentia agros
 Sidera, nunc hyemes iniquas.
 Contracta pisces æquora sentiunt
 Jactis in altum molibus. huc frequens
 Cæmenta demittit redemptor
 Cum famulis, dominisque terræ
 Fastidiosus. sed timor, & minæ
 Scandunt eodem quò dominus: neque
 Decedit oratâ triremi, &
 Pest equitum sedet atra cura.*

While o'er the impious Courtier's Head,
 Threat'ning aloft, the Dagger hung;
 In vain the costly Feast was spread,
 In vain the charming Minstrel sung:
 Sleep weighs his Eyelids down no more,
 Nor *Philomel's* sweet Strains his murder'd Peace restore.

Lolling at Ease in humble Cells,
 Gentle *Morpheus* ever dwells:
 Or by the hoary Forest's Side,
 Or where the murm'ring Waters glide.
 Seek what Nature can suffice;
 And fearless view the troubled Shore,
 When the black Tempest veils the Skies,
 And the tumultuous Surges roar.

Whither, at length, will Human Pride aspire!
 The Great their Fathers' Palaces disdain,
 Encumb'ring with vast Tow'rs the Main:
 From the contracted *Latian* Shore,
 Old Ocean's various Broods retire,
 And distant, and more spacious Seas explore.
 Go climb thy lofty *Argos'* Side;
 Or trust thy Courser's swift Career;
 Or in thy marble Tow'rs confide;
 Vain is thy Flight, alas! from Care,
 There's no Retreat, proud Man, from Guilt and Fear.

H

Since

* Since then, fair Peace and Innocence,
 Disdaining Pomp, and Pow'r, and Pride,
 United shed their sweetest Influence,
 Where artless Maids, and lab'ring Hinds reside,
 Grant my Desire! A homely Seat,
 Far from the Guilty, and the Great;
 A limpid Stream ---- an antient Grove;
 And Health and Joy to her I love;
 Grant my Desire, propitious Jove!

Happy the Hour when first our Souls were join'd!
 The social Virtues, and the chearful Mind
 Have ever crown'd our Days, beguil'd our Pain;
 Strangers to Discord, and her clam'rous Train.
 Connubial Friendship, Hail! but haste away,
 The Lark and Nightingale reproach thy Stay;
 From splendid Theatres to rural Scenes,
 Joyous retire! ---- so bounteous Heaven ordains.
 There we may dwell in Peace -----
 There bless the rising Morn, and flow'ry Field,
 Charm'd with the guiltless Sports the † Woods and
 Waters yield.

* Here begins the Digression from *Horace*, mention'd in the Author's Preface to this Ode.

† *Flumina amem Sylvasque inglorius!* Virg.

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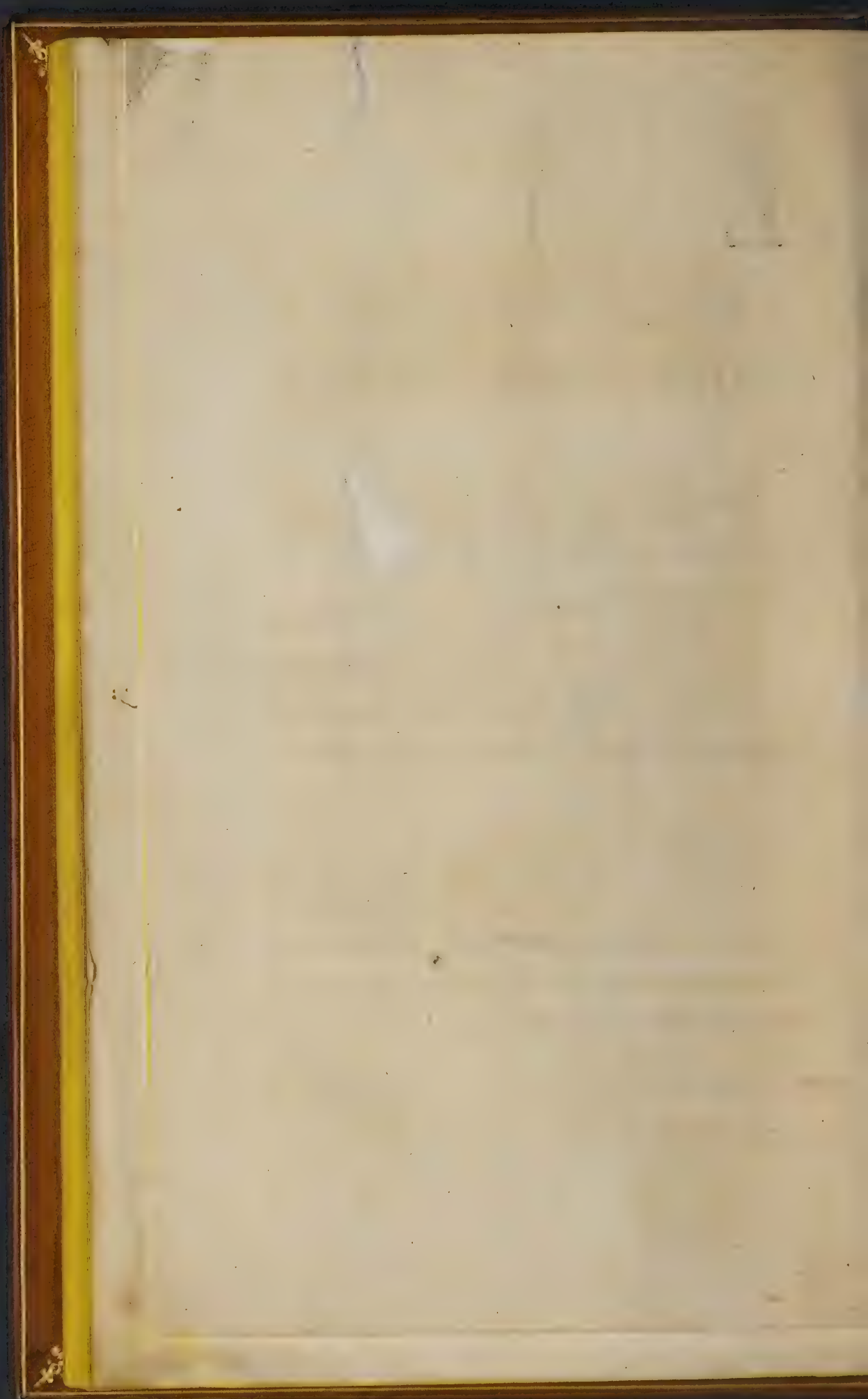
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Westminster. M.DCC.XXXIII.





P R E F A C E .


W*Henever any Person of Note dies, 'tis expected something should be said of him ; but as Mr. Booth, (whose Life, or at least the remarkable Instances of it, are contained in the few following Pages) was a Man so generally known and esteemed, I shall make no Apology for the Undertaking; nor pretend to amuse the World by an Account of learning it from an*
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Intimacy with him, or gathering it from his own Mouth. I shall content myself, by assuring the Reader, that what Passages are contained herein are true; that I was at some Pains in collecting them; had the first Part from an old Servant of his Father's, and the other from a Party it may not be so proper to mention.





THE
L I F E
O F
Barton Booth Esq;

 *R. Barton Booth* was the younger Son of Mr. *John Booth*, a very worthy Gentleman of a competent Fortune. He was born in *Lancashire* in the Year 1681; and as he was, during his Minority, a Lad of a lively Genius and quick Fancy, particular care was taken to educate him in
B the

the politer Languages, and train him up every way suitable to his Birth and Family. When he grew fit, he was sent to *Westminster* School ; from whence, after he had made a considerable Progress in Literature, he was removed to *Trinity* College in the University of *Cambridge*, in order to take on him his Degrees ; for his Parents (to whom he was always the Favourite) design'd him for the Pulpit.

But before he had been in the University any considerable time, there came a strolling Company of Players to *Cambridge*: Mr. *Booth*, being a great Admirer of Plays, was willing to try his Talent in that part of Oratory ; and what encourag'd him more to an Undertaking of this sort, was the Success he met with in a Performance at *Westminster* School, in one of *Seneca's* Tragedies. The oftner he frequented the Play, the more he admir'd the performing Part ; and at length growing tir'd of the Restraint laid upon Students in

in the Colleges, he agreed with the Master of the Company, and went away with him, without taking notice to any body, or even acquainting his Chumm with his Intention.

The News of this soon reach'd *London*, when his Mother (whose Darling in particular he always had been) was so surprized and grieved, that she fell into a violent Fever, which had like to have carried her out of the World. His Father was astonish'd to such a degree, that no body expected he would retain his Senses; the whole Family were in the greatest Confusion imaginable, and Messengers were daily sent upon Enquiry after him; which proved ineffectual, he having concealed his Name for that purpose.

In the mean while, Mr. *Booth* was almost grown a Proficient, and so far exceeded his Fellow-Travellers, that they began not only to envy him, but took

all the means they possibly cou'd to discountenance him. But the theatrical Ladies having the Ear of the Master, and the Sprightliness of Mr. *Booth's* Temper being at that time very engaging, and they, or most of them, of an amorous Disposition; all their Endeavours to detract serv'd but to heighten his Desert, till at last he became the Hero of the Company.

Wherever they came, the Eyes of all, especially the Ladies, were upon him, and every body would make Enquiry who he was, the Parts he generally acted being some distressed Lover. In this manner the Summer pass'd very pleasant, till at *Bury* in *Suffolk*, an Adventure happening, the whole Battalion were put to the Rout, and a number of Hardships fell upon our Heroes; so that they could not possibly rally again.

One in the Company having a Design upon the Daughter of Mr. Justice

C—d,

C——d, invited her to his Lodgings ; she, after many Pishes and Fies, at last agreed to come the following Evening. Our Spark, overjoy'd with his Success, meeting some of his Companions, went to Hazard, where the Dice turned up on the wrong Side ; so that in a little time what should have provided an elegant Supper for his Lady, was all lost, and the poor Fellow put to a stand how to entertain Madam. At last, he plucked up Courage, and borrow'd of his Landlady.— Miss comes according to her Appointment, and was very well pleas'd both with her Company and Supper ; every thing being brought to Table in the nicest Order: the Landlady was to be well rewarded for her Trouble and Kindness ; for she was foolish enough to believe her Lodger might patch up a Wedding with the Justice's Daughter, and that her Fortune would wipe off the Score. Instead of that, the Gentleman gives Miss a little more Liquor than her Brain would bear, persuades
her

her to rob her Father, and take a Ramble along with him. The silly Girl, after a few foolish Excuses, readily came into the Proposal, and her Father being from home that Evening, immediately put the Design in execution — went home and rifled the old Gentleman's Chest, return'd to her Spark, and march'd away directly. The next Day, the Justice miss'd his Daughter, the old Woman began to think herself bit by the Player; and between them, they put the whole Town in an Uproar. The Justice in revenge banished all the Company; nay, threatned to send them to the House of Correction. They were all so frighten'd, that each made the best of his way, left their Stock behind them, and were very glad they had escaped so well.

The poor Woman repin'd at home, and the unfortunate Mr. C—d took the best measures he could to find out his Daughter; but what become of either
her

her or her Gallant, I have not been able to learn.

The Players shifted each for himself, as well as he could, not one of them daring to approach *Bury*, or to send Proposals for the Redemption of their Treasury. In this manner they lived upon the spoil for about a Week, till at last they made a shift, about half a dozen of them, to play some few Plays in little Villages; but their Profits were so small, they sold most of the Towns they came at, till they were reduc'd so low, Mr. *Booth* thought of returning home, which at length he resolv'd upon. But being in want of Cash and Clothes, (for by this time what Apparel, &c. he had taken with him from the College, was converted into Money, and the Money all spent;) he came through wet and dry to *London*, as well furnished as *Shakespear's* Tinker of *Burton-Heath*.

In this Condition he reach'd home, and one would have thought well cured of stroling. It may easily be imagined the Rejoicings there were at finding this lost Sheep : so I shall pass over that in silence.

When he had been at home some time, notwithstanding the Attempts of his Friends to dissuade him from Playing, he hired himself to one Mrs. *Mynns*, and played under her Tuition in *Bartholomew-Fair*; from whence, by the Recommendation of Mr. *Bowman*, he got into *Drury-lane* Play-house, and in a small time made so great a Figure, that he acted principal Characters, where Mr. *Betterton* play'd only the second. The first Character in which he was particularly taken notice of, was *Axalla* in *Tamerlane* ; and so young a Player as Mr. *Booth* then was, the Town hardly thought him inferiour to any in the Play : from that time Mr. *Betterton*
took

took such a particular notice of him, that, on all Occasions, he promoted him to principal Parts, to the great Regret and Mortification of the other Comedians ; whose Weakness thought their Seniority intitled them to undertake what they were never capable of going through. In short, he now performed the chief Character in all *Row's* Tragedies, and removed under the Management of Mr. *Swaine*, along with Mr. *Betterton* and the rest of the Company to the *Hay-Market*.

Soon afterwards he play'd *Hippolitus* in *Phædra* and *Hippolitus*, a Tragedy of Mr. *Edmund Smith's*, in which he acquir'd such great Applause, that he was from thence look'd upon as the Successor of Mr. *Betterton*, (who was at that time very infirm) which indeed he afterwards was.

He perform'd in the Tragedy of *Ulysses*, the Part of *Telemachus* so surprisingly

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prisingly well, and exceeding whatever he had done before, that he confirmed the World in their Opinion, and even Mr. *Betterton* himself said, that the Stage would never feel a want whilst Mr. *Booth* lived.

About this time Mr. *Betterton* quitting the Stage; Mr. *Booth* undertook most of his Characters, and went thro' them all with a great deal of Spirit.—But Diffensions arising among the Players for Superiority, the Company divided.

The general Wreck there then was at *Drury-lane* Play-house, under the Direction of old Mr. *Rich*, is pretty well known; and that upon his Removal, Sir *Richard Steele*, Mr. *Wilks*, and Mr. *Cibber* got the Management into their Hands, to which Company Mr. *Booth* joined: when his Merit was so generally esteem'd, that he married the Niece of the Lord **** who died in the Year 1708,

1708, and was buried in a Vault at St. Margaret's Church in *Westminster*.

By his engaging way of playing in opposite Characters, he contracted an Intimacy with Miss *Mountfort*, the Daughter of Mr. *William Mountfort* the Comedian, who was killed by the Lord *Mohun*. How well she loved him, her Regret at parting with him will demonstrate.

He grew every day more and more admired; and though a Cotemporary with Mr. *Powell* (who was styl'd the *English Roscius*) was in every respect preferr'd to him; but the intemperate Life of the one might be an Advantage to the other, who took particular care to avoid Drinking, whenever he was to perform a Part of any Consequence: and tho' *Powell* was a Man of that Spirit, he would resent every slight Affront; yet he was so pleased with the

Performance of his Rival, that he became his Friend by eclipsing his Glory.

Towards the latter End of Queen *Anne's* Reign, when Mr. *Addison's* Tragedy of *Cato* was given to the Play-house, and after several had refused the Character for its Difficulty, Mr. *Booth* undertook it; and the Justice he did himself and the Author by playing it, is sufficiently known : for, upon that account, the Quality took so general a Liking to him, they made Interest for him, and made him a Patentee, a Manager of the Theatre, and one of the four sworn Servants to the Queen.

'Tis said, that after this he grew negligent, tho' I never heard but of one Instance, which it may not be amiss to relate. One Evening as he was playing *Othello* (which he was particularly fam'd for) he did it with that little Concern and Care, that a certain Lord desir'd
the

the Box-Keeper to ask him, If he was playing to please himself or the Audience.

His Father, who had lived up to the height of his Fortune, had retired into the Country ; where, it seems, what little was left, he rather diminished than encreased ; and scarce left at his Death a sufficient Maintenance for his Widow. Mr. *Booth's* Generosity was the greatest Support at that time to the Family, which indeed proved very extensive. He made Dressers of his elder Brother's two Daughters ; he provided for his Sister very handsomely ; lent his Brothers large Sums of Money, and endeavour'd to put them all in genteel Ways of Business, to provide for themselves.

In the Year 1718, he began to fix his Eyes upon Miss *Saintlow*, who was at that time a celebrated Beauty, and was worth in Money and Jewels near
ten

ten thousand Pounds. His Addressee to her proving successful, created a deal of Uneasiness in Miss *Mountfort* ; and he bending his Thoughts only on the other, used her very slightly. Soon after that, he married Miss *Saintlow* ; this threw his Mistress into a violent Fit of Sickness, so that she took to drinking, which, some say, kill'd her : however, 'tis certain, she did long survive his Marriage.

It would be doing an ill Office on all sides, to enter into a Family Quarrel ; therefore, as to the Continuance of his Favours to his own Family after his Marriage, or whether it was done, or left off at his Wife's Direction, I shall refer to his Will ; upon the Truth of which, both he and she took the Sacrament about three Years ago, Certificates whereof were printed, and attested by the Minister of *Covent-Garden Church*, and dispersed about to satisfy the World *he run mad of his own accord, and not at his Wife's Request.* I must needs
 I say,

say, the Parson did not consider the Canons of the Church, when he administered the Sacrament in Vindication of Wrath before Reconciliation was made.

'Tis certain Mr. *Booth* was the most indulgent Husband in the World ; and not to reflect upon any part of Mrs. *Booth's* Life or Conduct, (as Matrimony had reform'd her) she was as deserving a Wife ; and they lived together in that Tranquillity, which ought to (but seldom does) attend the married State.

Now, indeed, Mr. *Booth's* Character was so well established, that he could do nothing amiss ; and it must be confessed on all sides, that the Stage never was in so flourishing a Condition, as when the Triumvirate had the Management of it.

There was scarce a Play that would not bring a crowded House ; and so famous

mous as Mr. *Elrington* was, and had been, the Town could scarce relish him when he came over to *England*, and play'd the Season after Mr. *Booth* (through his unhappy Distemper) was obliged to quit the Stage. There was none whenever the *Distrest Mother* was perform'd, but would think upon what they had seen ; and tho' they justly applauded Mr. *Elrington*, would still think upon the lost Mr. *Booth*. But, now indeed, we find, that Play which never failed to bring a polite and very great Audience, has been twice in one Season played to less than Charges.

Mr. *Booth*, towards the latter Part of his Life, fell into a violent Fit of Lunacy, which had been for some time coming on him ; and 'tis generally thought was created from Notions of Greatness, which his Performances had instilled into him. 'Tis certain, that playing *Julio* in the *Double Falshood*, increased his Malady to that height, his
Senses

Senses never returned, tho', by some Intervals, the Players flatter'd themselves, and the Town with Hopes of his appearing again on the Stage. At last, after four Years fatal Madness, and many Expectations of a Recovery, his Distemper turned into a slight Fever, and he died on *Thursday, May 9, 1733*, in the 53d Year of his Age.

When Mr. *Booth's* Illness had vexed him about a Year, the other Managers stopt his Salary of ten Guineas a Week, upon which he sued them in the Court of Chancery, but to no purpose; they obtained a Decree in their Favour. Then there was a new Patent granted for 21 Years, when they endeavour'd to throw him out of the Management; but there his Genius was the stronger, for their Attempt did not succeed. About this time one of them had some Words with Mrs. *Booth*; when, 'tis said, that he proffered, if they would discharge

her, he'd throw up his Share between them.

It was generally talked of, that he designed to play at the other House; and for that Reason subscribed to the building of *Covent-Garden Theatre*.

Notwithstanding all this, upon the Death of Mr. *Wilks*, Mr. *Booth* came abroad, and sold one half of his Share to *John Highmore Esq*; It was reported, he would soon perform on their Stage; and the Town was well pleased with an Amusement of that Nature. But the sudden Turn has render'd all their Hopes vain. It proved but a meer Shadow of Health, for his Madness returned, and in less than a Week he died.

He was a well-made Man, but of a short Stature, carried a surprising Air of Majesty with him; his Face was round and red, and his Muscles were
so

so large, that the Motions of them were perceptible even to the Galleries. He was an excellent Tragedian, and touch'd either the Passions of Rage or Grief to a Miracle. *Othello* and *Jafseir* are two of the greatest Instances can be given; for distrest Majesty and Love, *Mark Antony*, and *Marius jun.* and for an extraordinary serene unruffled Temper, no Man could come near him in *Cato* and *Brutus*. His Talent in Comedy is generally looked upon to be inferiour to that of Tragedy; yet there are several Characters in which he is reckoned to exceed all that have attempted them; as the *Plain Dealer*; *Scandal* in *Love for Love*; *Bevill* in the *Conscious Lovers*, and a great many others.

He has made some few Attempts in Poetry, has wrote several Songs, and a Masque call'd *Dido* and *Aeneas*: he has left behind him some Translations and Imitations of *Horace*; which,

'tis hoped, will be communicated to the Publick.

He was generally accused of *Deism*, how true that is, I'll not determine. But if so, the Allegations in his Will, may be looked upon meerly as the Effects of a blind Love to his Wife, and the taking the Sacrament, but a Presumption on those Notions to justify her.

In his Madness, he would generally imagine himself the Hero he had been upon the Stage, and treat his Servants as his Slaves; but between whiles, he would seem affable enough: and this last Season he undertook part of the Management of the Theatre; where, indeed, he acted contrary to the Character I have just given: for a certain prudish Lady was assign'd in a new Tragedy the Character of a Whore, which her Pride could by no means digest, (for of late she has gain'd some

Ap-

Applause in the Town) but Mr. *Booth* insisted on her doing it, tho' at last, thro' the Intercession of the other Managers, her Punishment was mitigated so far, that she should come among the Clan like a Ballad-singer, and as soon as her Song was done, withdraw, and leave the Ladies to themselves: But as most *Deists* are reckoned strict Adherers to Morality, this may serve to prove the Assertion, and the greatest Proof I have met with.

He is said to be very expert in Gallantry, and had been through as many of those sort of Adventures as any Man; but however true that may be, there are but very few talk'd of, and those, (except the Affair with Miss *Mountfort*, before related) scarce carry the Face of Truth with them.

As I have had occasion, in his Life, to take notice of his Will, I have, for the Satisfaction of the Reader, published

lish'd an exact Copy, as it was all of his own Hand-writing.

Mr. BOOTH's Will.

WHOLLY resign'd, and submitting to the Will of God, I BARTON BOOTH, of the Parish of St. *Paul's, Covent-Garden*, do make and ordain this my last Will and Testament, as follows ; I bequeath to *Christian Hannah*, the Sum of five Pounds, an old Servant to my Father. All and singular my Estate, as well real as personal, ready Money, Bonds, Notes, Plate, Jewels, Goods and Chattles of what Kind or Nature soever, I give and bequeath absolutely to my dearest and well-beloved Wife **HESTER BOOTH**, her Heirs, Executors, and Assigns for ever ; and I appoint and constitute my said Wife **HESTER BOOTH**, full and sole Executrix of this my last Will and Testament, hereby revoking and making void all other Wills by me made.

It is my earnest Desire to be buried privately, without Ostentation, Hatchment, Escutcheon, &c. in *Cowley Church* near *Uxbridge*. As I have been a Man much known and talk'd of, my not leaving Legacies to my Relations, may give occasion to censorious People to reflect upon my Conduct in this latter Act of my Life; therefore I think it necessary to declare, that I have considered my Circumstances, and finding, upon a strict Examination, that all I am now possessed of, does not amount to two Thirds of the Fortune my said Wife brought me on the Day of our Marriage, together with the yearly Additions and Advantages, since arising from her laborious Employment on the Stage, during twelve Years past; I thought myself bound by Honesty, Honour, and Gratitude due to her constant Affection, not to give away any Part of the Remainder of her Fortune

at

at my Death, having already bestow'd in free Gifts upon my Sister, BARBARA ROGERS, upwards of 1300 *l.* out of my Wife's Substance, and full 400 *l.* of her Money upon my U— Brother, GEORGE BOOTH, (besides the Gifts they received before my Marriage) and all these Benefits were conferred on my said Brother and Sister, from time to time, at the earnest Solicitation of my Wife, who was perpetually intreating me to continue the Allowances I gave my Relations before my Marriage. The I—— Return that has been made my Wife for these Obligations by my Sister, I forbear to mention. Once more renouncing and making void all former Wills, I declare this present Testament to be my true and last Will. In Witness whereof, I have hercunto set my Hand and Seal, this second Day of *June*, *Anno Domini* One thousand seven hundred thirty and one, in the fourth Year of
the

(25)

the Reign of our Sovereign Lord King
GEORGE the Second, &c. All written
with my my own Hand.

B. B O O T H.

*Signed, sealed, published and declared
by the Testator, Barton Booth, as
and for his last Will and Testament,
in the Presence of us, who sub-
scribed our Names as Witnesses thereto
in the Presence of the said Testator.*

Henry Kirby.

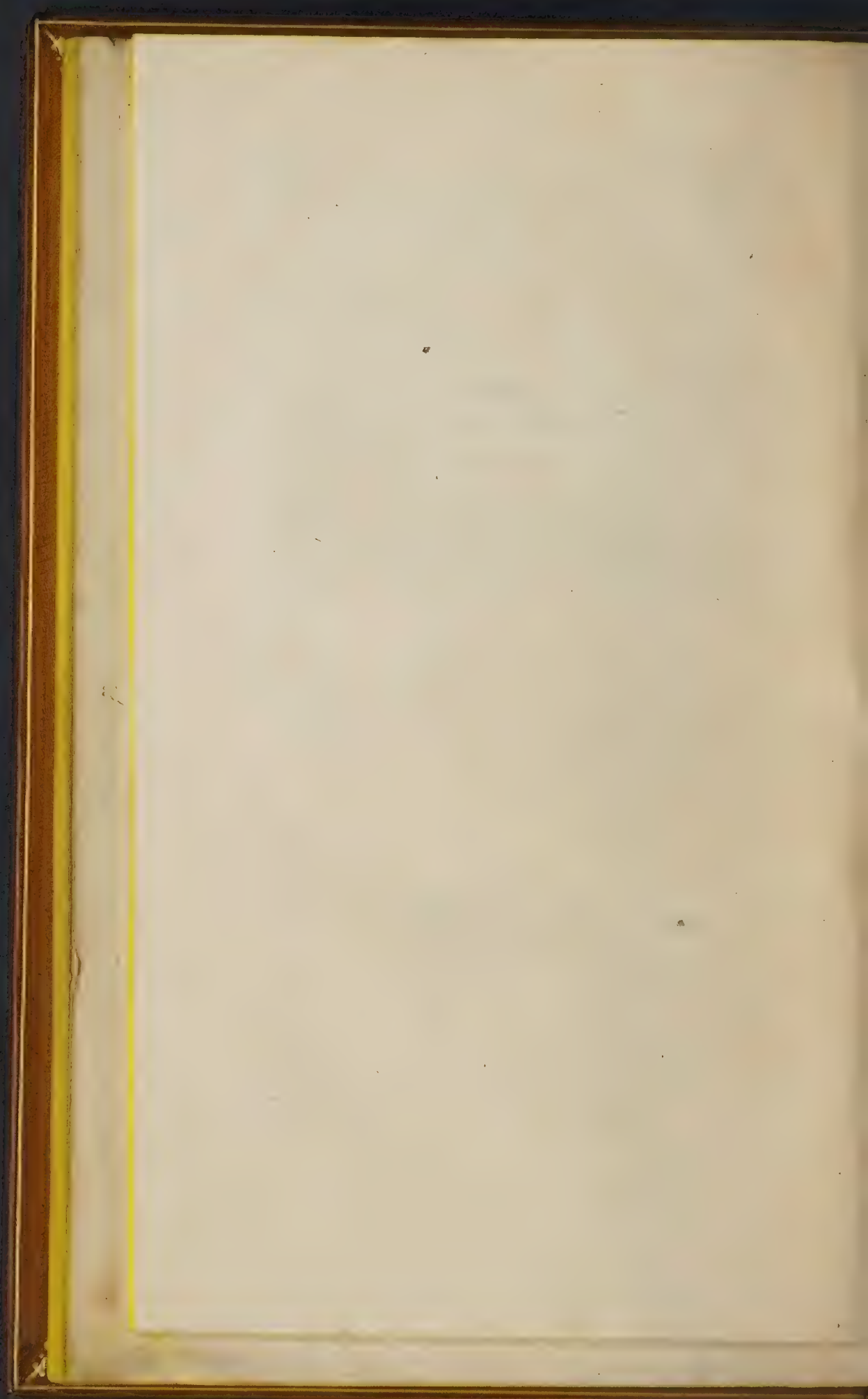
J. Haskerville.

Geo. Pinchard.



E

A POEM





A

P O E M

T O T H E

M E M O R Y

O F

Barton Booth, Esq;



G

THE

POETRY

OF

THE

POETRY

OF



TO THE
MEMORY
OF

Barton Booth, Esq;



WHEN I for OLDFIELD

touch'd the trembling String,

And in weak Numbers but

essay'd to sing,

The humble Tribute was so meanly dress'd,

An Infant Judgment every Line confess'd :

Yet, some kind few, th' Unbias'd of
the Age !

From Party-malice free, and Party-rage,
With candid Pleasure read the tender
Page.

My willing Mind the ready Task once
more

Attempts to sing, and BOOTH's dread
Loss deplore :

The Stage now rob'd, her last great ROS-
CIOUS gone,

Her Glories wither, all Delight is flown,
She sinking falls : All Hopes to rise are
vain,

She struggling dies ; no more to bloom again.

OLDFIELD,

OLDFIELD, WILKS, BOOTH

to native Dust return'd,

CIBBER's Departure with Regret is
mourn'd.

The carping Town now readily deplore,
And own the Loss they never can restore.

Hail! Sacred Relicks! That in Quiet sleep.

Hail! Venerable Shade! For thee shall
Thousands weep.

Friend in Distress! Immortal Soul! Fare-
wel!

Thy great good Deeds shall after Ages tell,
And I among the Rest thy Worth relate,
And make the Heroe live beyond his Fate.

THE tender Maid, whom Nature
prompts to Love,

Who meets the dying Youth within the
Grove,

With

With mutual Vows exchange their mutual
Hearts,

And yield to Love, and Love's all-piercing
Darts :

When wishing both, and dying with De-
fire,

Would join Love's Torch with *Hymen's* sa-
cred Fire,

Debar'd therefrom by Parents dire con-
troul,

Are driven far, beneath some distant Pole ;
Where hoary Winter keeps her annual

Seat,
Or in the Zone, where dwells continual
Heat ;

There will they think, there mourn their
rigid Fate,

And *JAFFIER's* Sufferings make their
Woe compleat :

Then

Then wilt thou ever be before their View,
 And mourning *JAFFIER*'s Hardships
 mourn for you.

O R, when some anxious Husband's
 haughty Pride
 Shall charge with foul Adultery his Bride ;
 Jealous without a Cause, shall tax the Fair
 With weak Conceptions, light, as fleeting
 Air ;
 Boiling with Rage, shall curse her tempt-
 ing Face,
 And butcher her, and all her Bastard Race ;
 Then, when the streaming Flood shall
 stain the Floor,
 Then, when he views them welt'ring in
 their Gore,

Rage

Rage will abate, and Reason will return,
 He'll curse the Action which his Hands
 have done :

In equal Poize her Vice and Virtue weigh,
 And curse the Tale, which, let his Reason
 stray.

Just so by hidden Villany misled,
 With jealous Fictions crouding in his
 Head,

OTHELLO tax'd his Wife, and murder'd
 her in Bed.

Then, will thy dear Remembrance croud
 his Brain,
 Wildly he'll call upon the slaughter'd Slain,
 And crave Return of Life, but crave in
 vain.

THE Youth a Prey to Beauty's fatal
 Charms,
 Drowning his Thoughts within the Fair-
 One's Arms,
 Swims in the luscious Riot, baneful Ease!
 And only there his doating Soul's at Peace:
 Like thee, in *Antony*, ensnaring Part!
 Admits no God, but Cupid to his Heart.
 The Trump of *MARS* can now no more
 excite,
 No more entice him to the raging Fight;
 His sinking Country is beneath his Care,
 He dwells, feasts, riots with the tempting
 Fair:
 Firmly resolv'd, her pow'rful Charms to
 prove,
 Like thee, resigns the Universe for Love.

H

BUT

BUT when the conqu'ring Foes un-
look'd Success

Up to the very Walls their Standards press,
He blames his niggard Heart, grows cold
with Fear,

Soon as he sees the certain Danger near ;
Love, Courage, Doubt, a strange and
mix'd Surprise

Affails his Heart, and bubbles at his Eyes.
Then shall his Thoughts thy dear Idea
press,

New to his Mind, thy darling Image blefs,
Resolv'd as thee, like thee, he'll do no less,
Then, shall the glitt'ring Poniard strike his
Breast,

Drink deep his Life, and lay his Cares at
rest :

Blessing

Blessing the Man, who taught him how
 to die,
 When Life was Trouble, and his Slavery
 nigh.

W H E N C Æ S A R ' s haughty Soul
 aspir'd t'enslave
 A free-born People ; Glorious, Great, and
 Brave,
 Griev'd at th' oppressive Wrong, we joy'd
 to see
 C A T O ' s great Soul deliver'd forth by thee :
 From thee, the Patriot gain'd his growing
 Fame,
 From thee, he found an everlasting Name.
 Thy Dictates now our Patriot pursues
 His Country only, and her Honour views,

Scoffs at Court-Places, which mislead the
Tongue.

Flies all Temptation to his Country's
Wrong;

Unto her Good devotes his sacred Life,
And bears with Mind serene the anxious
Strife,

All this, and more, when living on the
Stage

We found the Dictate, Mirrour of the
Age!

But now the dear Enchantments fled our
Sight,

Death having rob'd you of corporeal Light.

Yet, there remains a Copy still of thee,
That strives to set his sinking Country free:

A second

A second *CATO* breathes forth wholesome

Laws,

And boldly fights a drooping Nation's

Cause ;

Perverts the Villains Aim, the Statesman's

Dream,

And with strong Reasoning blast the *poison-*

ous Scheme ;

For this, he takes in Hand his conqu'ring

Pen,

And tells the World the Deeds of *mighty*

Men.

Directs the fordid Slave to mend his Life,

Nor vex a Nation's Peace with civil Strife :

By solid Morals forms an happy Rule,

The only Master of the World's great

School !

Yet

Yet snarling Curs fed by luxurious Pay,
 Grin at the sage Advice, and lose the happy Way.

Write without Reason, the most proper
 Guide,

And in Hyp-Phrases puff the wealthy Side,
 Asperse with Calumny the Patriot's Fame,
 And strive to blast his everlasting Name.

But tow'ring high, he stands above their
 Reach,

And views the angry Waves break o'er the
 sturdy Beach.

THEE, BOOTH, alone, great Nature's Windings knew,

And search'd those Secrets, which were
 known by few.

In

In private and in publick Life belov'd,
 By all admir'd, and by all approv'd;
 Pleas'd we beheld thee living, mourn thee
 dead ;

And Seas of Tears to thy Rememb'rance
 shed.

What now avails — Since, thou art ever
 gone,

Who can instruct the dull, degenerate
 Town ;

None after thee, like thee, will please the
 Age ;

None after thee, can raise the sinking Stage.
 O may'st thy tow'ring glorious Soul ascend
 To those bright Realms where Bliss shall
 have no End ;

Where radiant Choristers their Voices raise,
 Aloud proclaiming great J E H O V A H's
 Praise.

In

E. G. Allen usuf-
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In that great Dwelling, that transparent
Seat,

May'st thou a just Reward eternal meet.

Whilst, we an helpless, an abandon'd

Race

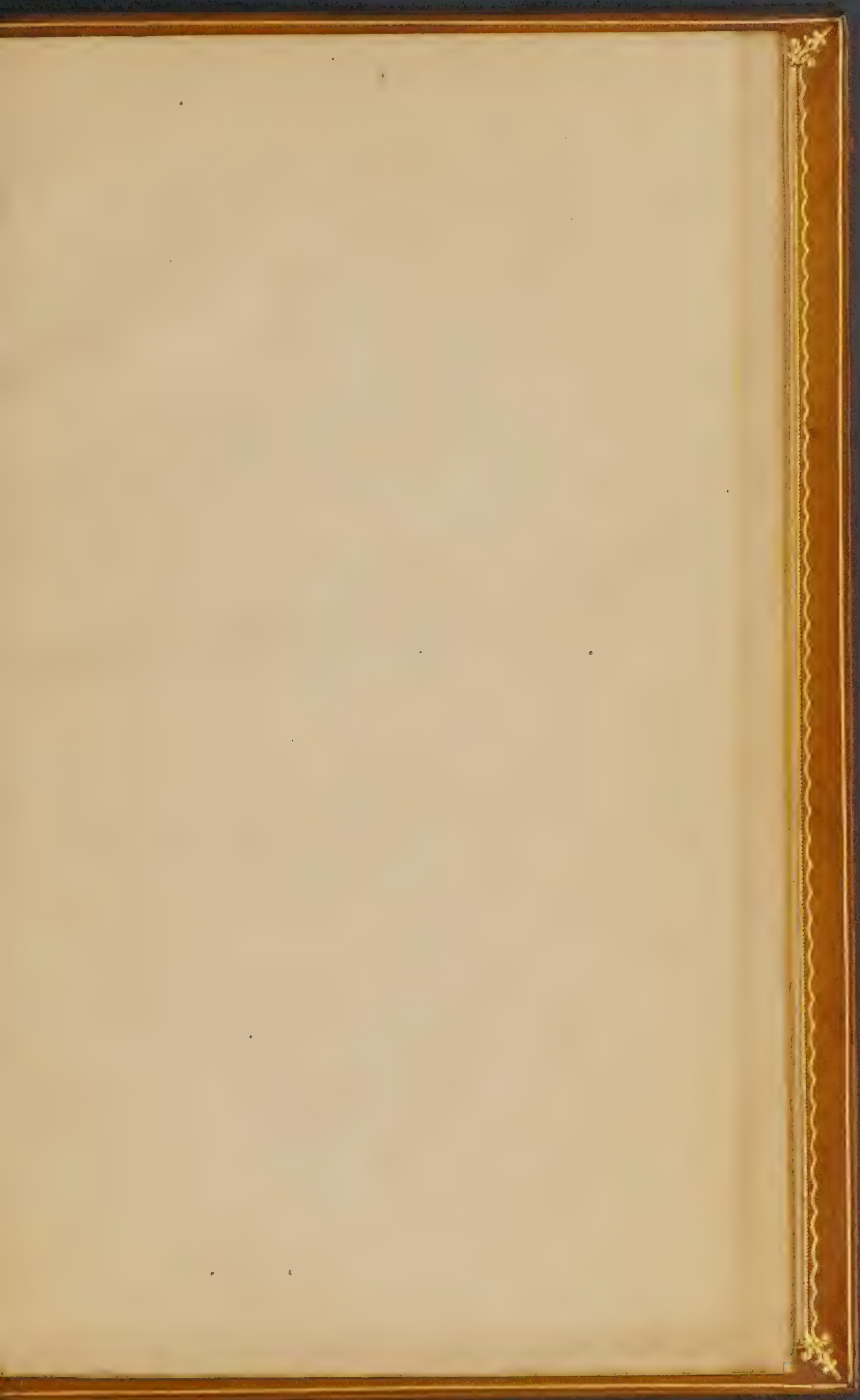
Purge our loose Lives from ev'ry foul Dis-
grace;

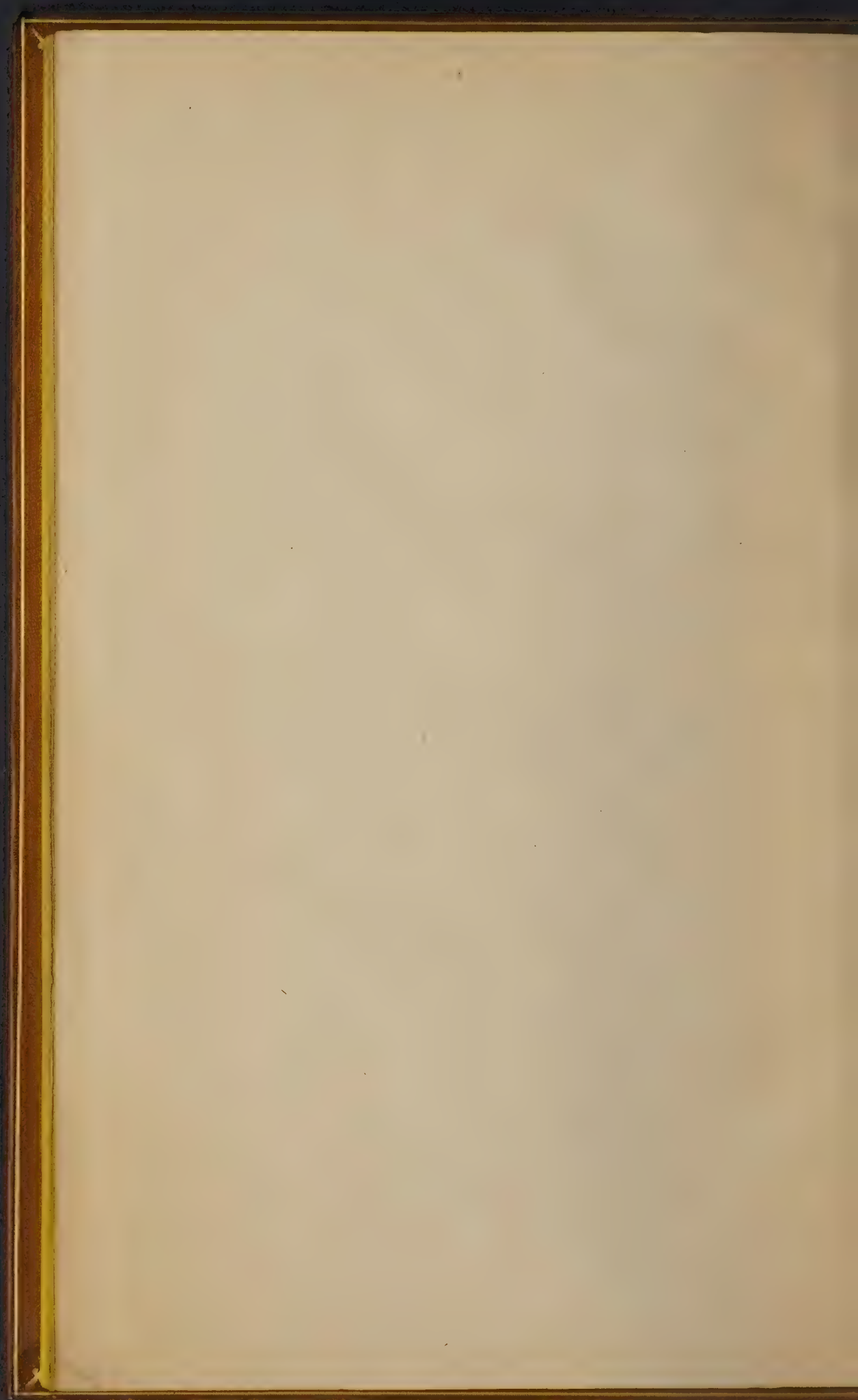
And strive with thee to gain an equal

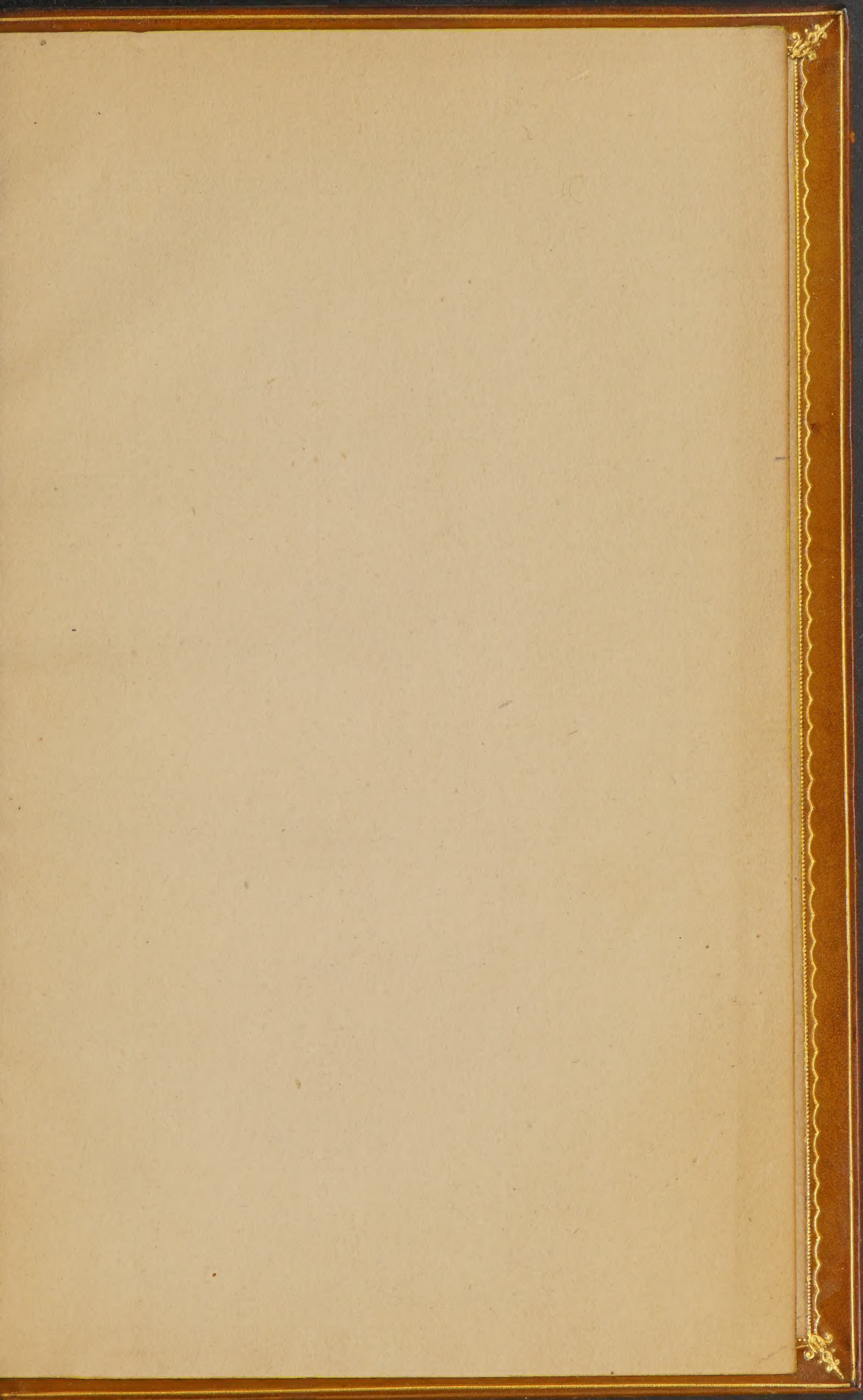
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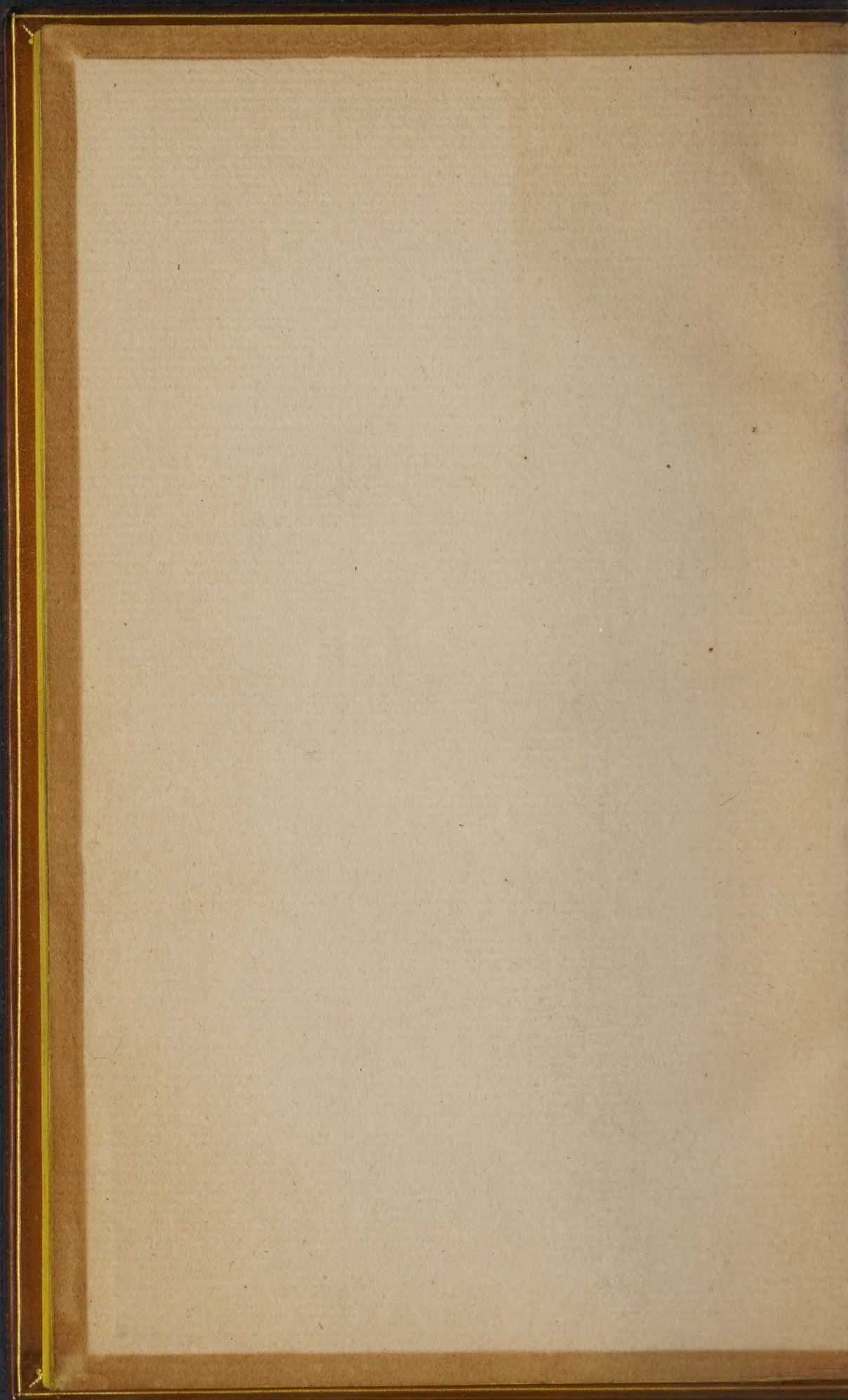
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